

The Sketch

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SIXPENCE.



ENGAGED TO MR. GUY BENSON: LADY IRENE CURZON, DAUGHTER OF EARL CURZON OF KEDLESTON.

Wide interest has been aroused by the announcement of the engagement of Lady Irene Curzon, the eldest of the three daughters of Earl Curzon of Kedleston, to Mr. Guy Benson, one of the three sons of Mr. Robert Henry Benson, M.A., J.P., who is a Trustee of the National Gallery and a Member of Council of the Victoria and Albert Museum and of the Royal College of Music. Mr. Robert Benson, of Buckhurst, Sussex, is the head of a junior branch of the family of Benson of Stang End, North Lancashire, and his mother was the daughter of Admiral C. R. Moorsom.

Mr. Guy Benson's mother was the second daughter of Mr. Robert Stayner Holford, of Dorchester House, Park Lane, and was a sister of Lieutenant-Colonel Sir George Holford. Lady Irene Curzon was born in 1896. Her mother, the late Lady Curzon, who died in 1906, was Miss Mary Victoria Leiter, daughter of the late Mr. Levi Zeigler Leiter, of New York, and had the Kaiser-i-Hind gold medal. Lord Curzon was Viceroy and Governor-General of India 1898-1904, and again 1904-5, and bore the Standard of Empire of India at the Coronation of King George V.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

PHRYNETTE'S LETTERS. TO LONELY SOLDIERS.

AS SHE IS SPOKE.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")



"The Englishman cleared the stile, and then stood with his eyes on the horizon line."

Where are the others?" He asked that so seriously, staring under the brim of my hat as if he suspected me of having made the dames into a pie while his back was turned. "Am I my sisters' keeperess? Ask their dressmakers!" The fact is that while there are centenarians in plenty, the middle-aged woman has disappeared. You might think that times like these would age every woman, but they don't. They may make her heart grow old, but outwardly she is brisker, slimmer, younger, than she ever was; growing old requires leisure—the modern woman has no leisure. Such a lot of work and so many interests are her share; that accounts for her alert expression. Then, of course, modes are amazingly young. Once upon a time there were modes for matrons. Perhaps there may still be in the provinces, but London does not know them. There are no longer Mammams, and no longer little girls—only sisters—flappers all! I wonder whether they'll stop at the flippant skirt, or whether they'll startle us in socks as—some of us are doing! I am not joking: not only have skirts been shrinking, inch by inch, but stockings have shrunk to socks! In this inclement climate, too! The daring ones may perhaps get admiration (calf's-love, what?), but they certainly shall reap rheumatism! And it is not even pretty—nothing can beat the black silk stocking for town wear, it can almost lend slenderness to pachydermatous props!

Went to Richmond Horse Show on the 16th. Four Queens were present—reads like a fairy-tale, doesn't it?—and Dick and I had a disagreement. Some of yous are so retrograde in their ideas about women! Dick does not like us to ride astride. In this case, retrograde is not the word, for if one goes back to the good old days of the good old knights, they took their ladies astride behind, didn't they? And, to go back still further, witches rode their broomsticks astride, too!

Of course, one feels ever so much securer in the saddle if one can use one's knees. Dick says that women can't grip with their knees. That's all he knows about us! Why, I am sure that Eve climbed to the very top of the apple-tree; if it had not been out of reach, and on the highest branch, as well as forbidden, I doubt that she would have been so keen for a bite!

Some time ago I introduced a dashing young captain (yes; I mean you, E.H.S.) to a girl friend of mine. Very noble of me, wasn't it? seeing how scarce men are in town! They seemed to get on very well together, so I asked him afterwards, "Well, how did you like Peggy; nice girl, isn't she?" "Oh, yes," he answered warmly; "quite—er—quite fit" (!) Fact, he did! I don't know whether young officers think of girls as of as many troopers on parade, or whether "fit" is the latest equivalent for delightful!

Some more English as she is spoke. It is the last day. He is going away. He has called for his haversack at the cloak-room. They drive once or twice round the Park before it is time for the train.

THE other day, as I was doing the honours of town to one of yous who has been away several months without leave, he said suddenly: "I say, what have you done with the old ladies?" "What old ladies?" "All of them: since I have been back I haven't seen any woman in London over forty, if even that!

SHE: Are you taking my photograph away with you?

HE: You bet.

SHE: And how many others besides—what?

HE: Don't talk rot—only yours and that of another chap (!)

How did I overhear this little dally-dialogue? Oh, well, I—er—just guessed what they were saying—from far; I'm awfully good at guessing!

A week or two ago, you may remember, a charming Captain quoted Bliss Carman's bridal hymn to the day, "That wondrous May, A-roaming over the heather," when her little shoes and his big boots "Went out on the hills together." A pretty idea, *sans doute*, but surely one couldn't run very fast in the heather with tight and high shoes, not even a "little fast," as the young flapper friend said, after reading up the history of Cleopatra. Yes, that was her opinion of the dark Queen with the perfect nose! Naughty, naughty Antony!

Not long ago, it was suggested that there should be a uniform dress for women. Well, now one can see how it would work out. I was at a canteen recently where the women helpers had all to wear overalls of a stated colour and material, and caps of a shape and stuff that were specified. They all bought the same stuff—but oh, camarades, the differences! One gr-r-reat lady wore an embroidered lawn collar which must have cost a deal of good money, her overall was cut by a French dressmaker and ornamented with buttons in places where no one else had any ornament at all. She had rings on her fingers worth the canteen—in fact, all the canteens there are—trim silver-buckled shoes, and an air which said plainly, "Here I am, actually among you. You may look at me, but speak not to me except on business—and urgent business at that!"

It is as difficult for women to suppress the *note personelle* in dress as it would be for yous to decide to differentiate yourselves from the other fellows—sartorially, I mean. Even if allowed to by the War Office regulations, I can hardly imagine one of yous sticking a flower in his cap, while the other would favour a feather, and the third a pompon!

Do yous know that there are some Canadian soldiers singing very sweetly in town just now? Practically all of them have been fighting in my country, and now in their off-time they sing for charity. We went to the Victoria Palace to hear them last week. Quite a good choir, though they look a bit shy; but then, away from the enemy, soldiers are always shy in private life—what? (I think not!)

I heard such a funny thing at the start of our severe summer, when snow was threatening and one hugged one's muff with chilblainy fingers. It was in a lift. The man I was with said to the lift-man, "Well, Jones, what do you think of this weather—what?" Jones replied lugubriously, "What d'you expect, Sir, when the Government begins a-tampering with the clock?" (We nudged each other with joy.) Whether Jones suspected the Government of having tampered also with the calendar, or whether he supposed a righteous revenge of thwarted

Nature, we couldn't guess; but Jones had a very brooding back as he let us down gently.

The full skirts are bringing in some of the manners of our



"I always think that Cleopatra must have been a little fast."



"There are no longer Mammams . . . only sisters! Skirts have been shrinking and stockings have shrunk to socks."

grandmothers' time. She crooks a little finger when she lifts her skirts, or her cup of tea, delicately, provocatively. If it is a nice little finger it gets its reward and is kissed, perhaps not at once on the spot, but some time—and many times. "But," you may say, "why drag in the full skirts and our grandmothers' manners? Didn't we always?" That's what "*mon petit doigt ma dit*," as we say in French, instead of "a little bird." Birds don't talk in France, except parrots, and we don't encourage parrots except where there are no children. Poor substitutes are parrots!

And, apropos, have you heard that the French Government is going to tax old maids—not for having parrots, but for not having babies! Which is not quite cricket, I think. Not all single women have elected to be baby-less bachelors! In fact, remarkably few—so far. But as it is not—in spite of Bernard Shaw—the woman who proposes, the responsibility and the tax shouldn't rest on her. What is she to do, poor dear? Grow cabbages and look under the leaves every morning? (That's where I was found.) As for bachelors, certainly let them be taxed—twice—for each child that they cannot produce to the tax-collector; it will lighten the burden of their married friends! But it is not going to work as smoothly as some people think—the perusing of family archives will start some problems!

Now if this bores you, just skip it. It's about petticoats—how are you to know about such things, poor you, unless you are told? The crinoline which has been threatened never came, after all; but the tempestuous petticoat did come. The latest is a filmy thing—a mass of lace frills with a rose just over the ankle. But women with imagination can display more originality in their decoration scheme. I saw a petticoat, a dinky thing of heavenly blue silk, with two red



"An air that said plainly, 'Here I am; you may look at me!'"

and ripe cherries that had been caught in the flounces—when Phyllis in the orchard went! They were artificial, of course; but so round, appetising, firm, and glossy one could have bitten them! The difficulty is not in inventing amusing garnitures for one's petticoat, but in displaying it. The delightful and thrilling method of sliding downstairs on the banister rail might not be approved of by everybody; remains the hammock and the swing, and then, of course, for country maidens the stile! And apropos, Messieurs, it's your turn to teach me something, *s'il vous plaît*. Once I walked through a country lane with an Englishman—when I say once, it happened rather frequently, but I remember that once particularly because there was a stile—and that is the cause of my query. The Englishman went first, and then stood, his back to me, and with his eyes resolutely on the horizon line. I struggled up and then down by myself. A few days after, I came across the same stile with a young French doctor now at the front (yes, it is a favourite lane with me, but I am not responsible for the stile, though!). He passed first, and then helped me over as tenderly as if I were a lame dog. Now I put it to you as a point of etiquette, what is the right thing to do in England? Personally, I did not care—I knew I had no holes in my stockings. Does it all depend on the man's discretion, on the woman's ankles, on their degree of camaraderie, on her agility, or on the height of the stile? What would you have done?

Many thanks to B. T. for his letters and two snapshots. I liked three particularly in the group, you and two others—is that two too many? You seem very jolly on board your ship. Go on being an optimist, and a happy next leave to you!

I say, some of your letters are really funny! One of you tells me, "At present we are staying in a rather dirty farm with a very

noisy population. Fortunately, it has a large pasture, in which I have wired off a little bivouac. I feel remarkably well since I have commenced sleeping out." How unsociable!—wiring oneself off like that! And barbed wire too, I suppose? Is it to keep off the Boches, the bulls, or the beauties of the hamlet?

The same you confides in me: "I always think of a lot of interesting things whenever I feel like indulging in a universal 'strafe,' and I am certain you could do the same. So burn the bacon, upset the custard over the cat, let the window drop on your fingers, put your foot through your nicest dress, sit by accident upon some man's lap in a jolting 'bus, then write to me a letter. I think it would be very interesting."

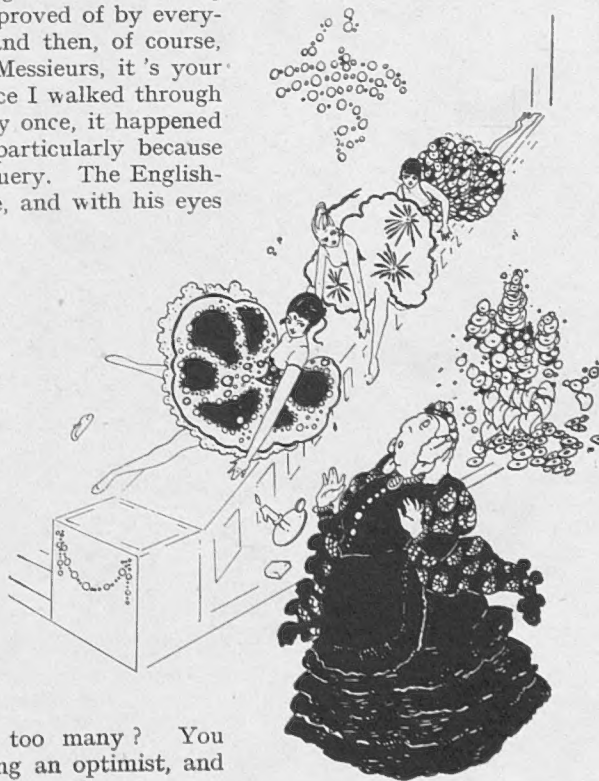
You flatter me, oh dear You; but I never do any of these things, so you'll have to put up with my gay gossip or none at all. "Bacon" indeed! Do you take us Londoners for Crœsuses and sybarites? "Bacon"! We are not Captains at Mess, Sir, to breakfast on bacon and perhaps plovers'-eggs—what! In fact, I happen to know that one of yous on leave here last April took some plovers'-eggs back to the front with him! Not to throw them at the Boches' heads! As for my cat (how do you know I have a cat?), it doesn't like custard! My windows open inwardly, my skirts are so short that I couldn't tread on them if I wanted to, and I never sit upon any man's lap by accident! Such things should be done daintily and premeditatedly or not at all! Can you suggest anything else?

P.S.—Chocolates are not "necessary to cheer the feminine woman's heart." They are pleasant to munch, certainly, but our heart can be cheered in many other ways!

To a munitioneer.—I am not sure that the proverbial "Cat" (some more cats—it rains cats to-day) did "look at the King": cats are singularly self-centred and dignified. But that's no reason why you shouldn't write to me. Lots of them do, the

dears. As to the subject you suggest, I am afraid I've dealt with it rather much, and the rest of my readers might be "fed up" with it, as you say in English. But for your own information I tell you this—the thing you seem to appreciate so much is quite out of fashion, and not likely to come back again now that women have to bestir themselves, and no longer sit still and thread beads or whatever people do when they have nothing to do (I think not!). As regards the beauty of it—it is a question of preference. Here is my countrywoman Mlle Polaire, who beats the small-waist record, and then there is the Venus de Milo. You may worship at either's altar. My preferences are quite pagan.

And now to a Father from Eastbourne.—No; I don't know the address, but if I did I would carefully forget it. I am with the girl every time and against authority holding a ruler—whether parental, marital, or school-mistressy. Be a nice kind Daddy and she'll love you—and to love is to obey, sometimes! Anyway, it is worth trying.



"The thrilling method of sliding downstairs on the banister rail might not be approved by everyone."



"She crooks a little finger delicately, provocatively. It gets its reward and is kissed."

BRIDES-TO-BE—AND A BRIDE OF TO-DAY.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN F. J. BAYLEY: MISS
V. H. HEENAN.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT L. LA TROBE
FOSTER: MISS DOROTHY HOLDEN.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN HERBERT J. BENNETT:
MISS ELSIE L. SMITH.



TO MARRY SECOND-LIEUTENANT J. A. F.
BARNES: MISS FLORENCE E. RADBURN.



TO MARRY MAJOR G. L. COMPTON-SMITH:
MISS GLADYS M. LLOYD.



TO MARRY COMMANDER R. A. RICE, R.N.:
MISS MARGARET H. ARNOLD.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT IAN F. LETTSOM
ELLIOT: MISS F. E. V. FISON.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT DAVID F. AIKEN-
HEAD: MISS MARGARET C. BAYNE.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT CLAUDE H. HUNT:
MISS GWENDOLINE E. H. MURTON.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN ARTHUR MAITLAND:
MISS DOROTHY M. POLSON.



TO BE MARRIED TO-DAY—JUNE 28: MISS
FLORENCE G. M. GALLAGHER (MRS. FINLAY).



TO MARRY MR. REX W. LANE, R.N.A.S.:
MISS FRANCES A. BRIDGMAN.

Miss Heenan is daughter of Mr. Hammersley Heenan, Colwyn. Captain Bayley is in the Royal Artillery.—Miss Holden is daughter of Mr. J. J. Holden, Southport. Lieutenant La Trobe Foster is in the Royal Horse Artillery.—Miss Smith is daughter of the Rev. A. C. Smith, Oxford. Captain Bennett, Bucks Light Infantry, is son of Mrs. Bennett, The Close, Salisbury.—Miss Radburn is daughter of Mr. C. R. Radburn, of Glengariff, Wandsworth Common. Second-Lieutenant Barnes, East Surrey Regiment, is son of Mr. Barnes, Dartford.—Miss Lloyd is daughter of Mr. Lloyd, Winchfield. Major Compton-Smith, Welsh Fusiliers, is son of Mr. William Compton-Smith, Richmond.—Miss Arnold is daughter of Mr. S. C. Arnold, M.B., Portsmouth. Commander Rice is son of Lieutenant-Colonel C. Rice.—Miss Fison is marrying Lieutenant Ian

F. L. Elliot, Suffolk Regiment, son of Lieut.-Colonel W. H. W. Elliot, D.S.O.—Miss Bayne is daughter of Mr. C. G. Bayne, C.S.I., Indian Civil Service (retired). Lieutenant Aikenhead, R.F.A., is son of Major Frank Aikenhead, R.A., Great Elm, Frome.—Miss Murton is daughter of Mr. G. N. Murton, of Downe, Kent. Lieutenant Hunt is son of Mrs. Hunt, Farnborough.—Miss Polson is daughter of Mrs. Polson, N. Berwick. Captain Maitland, Essex Regiment, is son of Mr. A. W. Maitland, Cricklewood, Canterbury.—Miss Gallagher is daughter of Mrs. Gallagher, Wimbledon. Captain Alan Gordon Finlay is in the Devonshires.—Miss Bridgman is daughter of Mrs. Bridgman, of Upshire Hall, Waltham Abbey. Lieutenant Rex Willington Lane is son of Mr. and Mrs. Lane, Waltham Cross.

SOCIETY AND SUNSHINE: NOTABILITIES IN THE PARK.



WIFE OF A DISTINGUISHED OFFICER:
LADY ALINE VIVIAN.



A DUKE AND HIS GRAND-DAUGHTER: THE DUKE OF RICHMOND
WITH LADY SYLVIA COTTERELL.



AN INTERESTING GROUP: LADIES ALEXANDRA AND GEORGINA AGAR; THE COUNTESS OF NORMANTON, AND LADY ERNEST ST. MAUR.

Lady Aline Vivian is the sister of the Earl of Portarlington, and wife of Major Valentine Vivian, M.V.O., Grenadier Guards, who served with distinction in South Africa, and has been mentioned in despatches during the present war. Lady Aline, who was Lady Aline Mary Seymour Dawson-Damer, was married to Major Vivian in 1904, and has two daughters.—The Duke of Richmond is one of the most popular noblemen of his day and has frequently been the host

of Royalty at Goodwood. Lady Sylvia Cotterell is the daughter of Lady Evelyn Cotterell, *née* Lady Evelyn Gordon-Lennox, who was married to Sir John Cotterell in 1896.—Lady Alexandra Agar is the second and Lady Georgina Agar the eldest of the seven daughters of the Earl of Normanton, and are seen with their mother, Lady Normanton, and Lady Ernest St. Maur, wife of Lord Ernest St. Maur, brother of the Duke of Somerset.—[Photographs by Topical.]



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY: GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

MOTLEY NOTES



BY KEBLE HOWARD
("Chicot")

Another War Economy.

Most people imagine that every form of economy possible to the civilian portion of the British Empire has already been set forth in large type and with uncomfortable insistence. But this is not so. I have thought of a new one, and it is my solemn duty to suggest it to the Allies, with especial reference, as I say, to the civilian portion of the British Empire. It will not, I fear, be a popular suggestion. It will come into violent opposition with prejudice. Still, one must be stalwart in well-doing.

I suggest, then, that all the male portion of the population who are neither employed in the Navy or the Army should forthwith lock up their razors and forswear shaving until the end of the war. When you think of the immense amount of time, in the bulk, that is wasted on shaving—an unnatural, harmful, and utterly unnecessary operation—you will marvel that the idea has not come from the National Economy League, or whatever it happens to be called.

Besides the saving of time, you must also think of the immense saving in soap, bristles, and steel. There will be a saving, too, in gas, for most shaving-water is heated, particularly in the summer months, by gas.

To grow a beard is not a pleasant task. Many men retire to a jungle for two years if they really wish to grow a beard. But a War Beard will be an outward and visible sign of a glowing and dauntless patriotism.

The Kaiser's Dentist.

Dr. Arthur Newton Davis, officially described on his passport as dentist to the Kaiser, has arrived in New York. Three weeks ago, it seems, this extremely useful personage was in Berlin, so we may assume that the Kaiser's teeth, for the moment, are in good working order.

But what is Dr. Davis doing in New York? An American reporter suggested that the Imperial dentist's visit was occasioned by the fact that the Kaiser had bitten off more than he could chew; but a moment's reflection will show that, if the Kaiser were in any such difficulty, Dr. Davis would still be in attendance. Either the Kaiser has chewed the portion that he bit off, or he has—abandoned the attempt.

The visit, on the whole, is fraught with considerable interest, and should not be passed over with a mere journalistic jest. Dr. Davis has not travelled to New York for nothing. Be sure of that. The Kaiser does not permit his personal attendants to roam about the world without some super-subtle reason for the journey. He is so awfully clever, you know. So it behoves us to set our poor wits to work to discover the ulterior motive for the mission of Dr. Davis.

American dentists, by the way, are fond of using a large quantity of gold-stopping for teeth. Is it possible that this visit is an ingenious method of importing a considerable quantity of real gold into Germany? I trust the British Navy will examine well the ship in which Dr. Davis returns to Germany. Indeed, it would be a refinement of cultured cruelty to intercept him and bring him to London until the end of the war.

The Bishop and the Draper.

A tremendous pother has been raised in the drapery world. The Bishop of London is responsible for it. Bishops so often are responsible for these domestic potherers. If a bishop says a thing, great fluttering ensues. I do not know why. But bishops, having discovered this, should be very careful what they say. Wood-pulp is getting scarcer and scarcer, and we cannot have the bishops taking more than their fair share of the newspaper-columns.

The Bishop of London said, I understand: "I hope we shall see the last of young men in the prime of life fingering laces in London."

Well, can you wonder that the drapery world is all agog? Can you wonder that the Editor of the *Draper and Drapery Times* has expressed his indignation with the Bishop in a thousand scathing words? I am entirely with him. If I were the Editor of the *Draper and Drapery Times*, and anybody, still more a Bishop, attacked the drapery trade, I should go for him with a jagged hatchet.

Mr. Hall—that is the Editor's name—points out that hundreds of thousands of drapers' assistants have joined the colours. Good. He further points out that many celebrities of the moment began life as shop-assistants. This, I believe, is so true that one cannot expect to attain to the highest positions in these days unless one can prove, beyond dispute, that one began life as an assistant in a shop. The thing that puzzles me is to discover why these eminent people were foolish enough to leave the shop. I can imagine no existence more delightful than to keep a shop. You keep on buying things for sixpence and selling them for a shilling. When your business becomes so brisk that you cannot sell the things for a shilling quickly enough, you engage other people to sell them for a shilling whilst you go on buying them for sixpence.

Further Details of the Ideal Life.

The thing is simplicity itself. After a time, you do not even buy the things for sixpence yourself. You get somebody else to do *that*. Then you build yourself a mansion, and that helps the sale of the goods at a shilling. You buy a yacht, and a motor-car, and a racing-stable. The public simply *will* have your things at a shilling. You get knighted. You go into Parliament. You become a baronet. You become a Peer. And, all the

time, other people are buying the things for sixpence, in your name, and selling them for a shilling, in your name.

Why these assistants don't buy them in their own name and sell them in their own name, at another establishment, no proprietor of a great business will ever be able to understand. But they don't. They turn up on Monday, and they draw their wages on Saturday, and it never occurs to them to do it all over again for themselves. It is a miracle. I see that. But I doubt whether I shall ever, myself, buy anything for sixpence and sell it at a shilling.



A KING'S ACCIDENT AT QUEEN'S CLUB: KING MANOEL AFTER HIS FALL.

It was rumoured at first that the popular young King Manoel, who is so good a sportsman, had met with a serious accident while playing lawn-tennis at Queen's Club. Happily, Rumour lived up to her reputation of being "a lying jade," and the result of his fall proved to be nothing worse than a sprained ankle. Well-known players were competing in a series of mixed-double matches, including King Manoel, Mr. N. E. Brookes, Countess Zia Torby, Lady Crosfield, and others. Our photograph shows King Manoel, laughing at his mishap, being carried by Mr. J. M. G. Ritchie and Mr. S. M. Doust to the Club-House.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

Consulting the Cards.



WILL HE COME BACK?

DRAWN BY MACKENZIE.



SMALL TALK

OLD age always has, and always has had, a rich and ripe flavour of its own. Whether you go to Chelsea Hospital or to the Dukeries, the nonogenarian is found to be a creature of dignity and charm. He may be physically weak and mentally fretful about little things, but beneath the venerable surface his strength and calm assert themselves. I like the notice sent out last Thursday from Wakefield Lodge; it runs: "The Duke of Grafton celebrated his ninety-fifth birthday yesterday, and entertained the Earl and Countess of Euston to luncheon." Merely the smallest possible family party—but how attractive the quiet, old-world formality of the announcement!

Nearing the Century.

The Duke was born on June 22, 1821; his sons were born in the 'forties and 'fifties. In the ordinary way, it might be said of the Earl of Euston that he is getting on in years. But a man whose father gives promise of reaching his century is not given a chance of making much of his own age—he must always take a very second place on that score; and the Earl, who was born in 1850, the second son of the Duke, carries his years lightly. Last week held several important anniversaries. The day after the Duke celebrated his birthday at Wakefield Lodge, the Prince of Wales, born seventy-three years after the Duke, kept his in France. And the 22nd was the fifth anniversary of the Coronation of the King and Queen.

Room-Making. In this capacious city there is room for rooms of all kinds, from Adam's to Mr. Roger Fry's and Lady Drogheda's. There should therefore be no lack of interest in the fact that Sir James Goodhart's house in Portland Place is on the market. A book on the Adam brothers has, appropriately enough,

just made its appearance, and we may expect a little revival of interest in those masters of the cornice. But how out of date they are, how different, how utterly opposed to the eccentric decorators whose stronghold is the Omega Workshop in Fitzroy Square! We are a liberal people who can enjoy our tea among Lady Hamilton's barbarous cushions and yet welcome as a great event the advent on the market of the Goodhart mansion.

Is It All Smoke? Lady Portarlington was the prettiest of box-holders at the first night of the Drury Lane revue, and, generally speaking, the audience was as up to date as the most critical manager could desire. On the other hand, "Razzle-Dazzle," with its suggestion of a song of some thirty years ago, is not a title that

leads one to expect the latest thing in humour; moreover, the points at a first performance are apt to be a little too obvious and a trifle too anxiously insisted on. For all that, the thing as a whole went very well. It is the fashion to be as kind to a new revue as you are to any other young thing on its trial; and Lord Lurgan and Lord Farquhar, who sat in the stalls, were, like all around them, in the most amiable of moods. Still, it is something of a mystery, this cult of the least legitimate drama, which everybody, from Lord d'Abernon to the youngest subaltern, makes a point of patronising. I still think that if the theatres encouraged smoking, one of the special attractions of variety would disappear. Add cigarettes to the virtues of "A Kiss for Cinderella," and it would be irresistible.

Two New Babies.

Lady Chesham has done her duty by giving birth to a son, and so breaking away from the feminine fashion that is being closely observed by the season's mothers. The event is a proper sequel to Lord Chesham's short but very manly record; he is still little more than a boy, although a soldier; and he now has a son to his credit. Mrs. Oliver Brett's new baby, on the other hand, follows the fashion, being a girl.

A Certain Social Liveliness.

Mrs. George Keppel is going quite soon into the country house she has taken from Mr. and Lady Winifred Renshaw, and has been making the most of her last weeks in London—or rather, her daughters have been making the most of them for her. The big dinner-party in Grosvenor Street was a young affair. It belonged to the same category as Mrs. Hartopp's dance in Grosvenor Gardens, given on the occasion of her two sons' brief leave from the front. Lady Seeley was another recent dance hostess who cannot be accused of any indifference to the anxieties of the moment, for she too has a son in France. These are the ladies we cannot fail to admire for their social liveliness.

An Engagement. For the second time within a brief period Lord Howard of Glossop gives his benediction to a marrying son. A year or two ago the Baroness Beaumont wedded one of the Howard brothers, and now Mr. Philip Fitzalan Howard, of the Welsh Guards, is engaged to Miss Gladys Norton. Lady Howard of Glossop was Miss Scott-Kerr of Chatto, a convert to the Church of Rome, and a woman famous for her looks and her charities. The Baroness Beaumont married Mr. Bernard Edward Fitzalan Howard, heir to the Barony, and has a son.

IN CHARGE OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN WORK-ROOMS IN PICCADILLY: THE HON. MRS. WILSON FOX.

Mrs. Wilson Fox, who has charge of the work-rooms in Piccadilly for the South African troops, is a sister of Lord Basing. She married Mr. Henry Wilson Fox in 1898. One of her brothers, Lieut.-Col. W. D. Sclater-Booth, has been wounded in the war.—[Photograph by Swaine.]



WIFE OF A WELL-KNOWN IRISH PEER: THE COUNTESS OF CLANCARTY.

Lady Clancarty arranged to give a small dance for Miss Muriel Vaughan, who recently came to stay with her in town after working hard in connection with the American Ambulance in Paris. Miss Vaughan is the only child of Captain Wilmot Vaughan, heir-presumptive to his cousin, the Earl of Lisburne, who married, in 1914, a daughter of Don Julio de Bittencourt, of the Chilean Legation.

Photographs by Elliott and Fry.



ENJOYING A SHORT RESPITE FROM WAR WORK: MISS MURIEL VAUGHAN.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN ALEXANDER McR. MOFFATT: MISS ALICE MAY HERBERT.

Miss Herbert is the younger daughter of Mr. R. W. Herbert, of Ashville, Sunderland. Captain Moffatt, of the 7th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, attached to the Royal Flying Corps, is a son of Mr. Alexander Moffatt, of Arnotdale, Falkirk, Sheriff-Substitute of Stirlingshire.

Photograph by Swaine.



ENGAGED TO MAJOR WALTER J. MAULE: MISS ISOBEL MABEL MURRAY.

Miss Murray is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Roberts Murray, of Keverstone, Bath. Major Maule, of the 2nd Batt. Essex Regiment, is a son of Mr. M. S. Maule, of Chapel House, Bath.

Photograph by Swaine.



DAUGHTER OF TOWNSHEND, OF KUT: A NEW PORTRAIT.



THE ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE HEROIC DEFENDER OF KUT: MISS AUDREY TOWNSHEND.

Miss Audrey Dorothy Louise Townshend is the only daughter of General Townshend, the heroic defender of Kut, now a prisoner of war in Turkey, and of Mrs. Townshend. On her mother's side she is French, Mrs. Townshend being a daughter of Count Cahen d'Anvers, of Château de Champs, in France. Her marriage to the then Lieutenant-Colonel Townshend, of the Indian Staff Corps, took place in 1898. General Townshend

is a grand-nephew of the fourth Marquess Townshend, the grandfather of the present Marquess, whose heir-presumptive the General was until the recent birth of a direct heir. He is a descendant of the famous Field-Marshal Viscount Townshend, who became the first Marquess of Townshend, and was one of Wolfe's principal generals in Canada and at the taking of Quebec.—[Photograph by Val l'Estrange.]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER'S

VERY few old friends of Swinburne turned up at Sotheby's for the sale of the poet's books. Sotheby's, indeed, always strikes me as a neglected opportunity. Perhaps it is a little off the beat, and will be better attended by outsiders when the firm gets into its new quarters in Bond Street. Where, for instance, were book-lovers and Swinburne-lovers like Lord Rosebery and the Crewes, like Mr. Runciman and the Asquiths, the Baroness d'Er-langer and the Cunards? As it was, each drab dealer, armed with commissions, represented some dozen or so of the more picturesque section of the buying public.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT T. M. LOVETT :
MISS JOAN LONG.

Miss Long is daughter of Major Robert Long, Warwickshire R.H.A., and niece of the Right Hon. Walter Long, P.C., M.P., of Rood Ashton, Wiltshire. Lieutenant Lovett, 4th Dragoon Guards, of Henlle Hall, Oswestry, is son of the late Major Lovett, King's Royal Rifles.

Photograph by Swaine.

upon herself several calls for silence from the auctioneer. But how much more sombre it would have been without her! Even James, the learned porter, had to smile at her gay disregard of the bye-laws, and Mr. Clement Shorter himself was nearly involved in her rebellion. But it would be a bold auctioneer who ventured to rebuke so well-known a bibliographer.

Rose-Bowls and Robey.

The Kennedy collection of porcelain proved to be one of the most attractive sales of the year, and was so rich in Ming enamel and Kien-Lung *famille-rose* that even K. of K., had he lived, would probably have snatched an hour from the W.O. to attend. Much has been said lately



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT REAY
PARKINSON : MISS BLUEBELL
HOOPER.

Miss Hooper is daughter of Captain and Mrs. Hooper, Stort Lodge, Bishop Stortford. Lieutenant Parkinson, R.E., is son of Sir Thomas and Lady Parkinson, of Cadogan Place.

Photograph by Swaine.

The Lady and the Bibliographers.

But in the absence of old friends, like Thomas Hardy and W. M. Rossetti, one young friend did turn up last week in Wellington Street. This was Mrs. Watts-Dunton, who in later years made her home in the historic Swinburne-Dunton establishment in Putney, and whose fresh complexion, at Sotheby's, made all the books and all the buyers look very antiquated. Sotheby's is not used to youth; and when Mrs. Watts-Dunton chatted with her friends she brought down



A SOLDIER-PEER : THE NEW EARL
OF MEXBOROUGH.

Captain the Hon. John Henry Savile, who has just succeeded to the earldom of Mexborough, was formerly in the 2nd Life Guards, and is now serving in the Remount Department. He is a half-brother of the fifth Earl and was born in 1868. He married the Hon. Eva de Burgh Knatchbull-Hugessen, daughter of the second Baron Brabourne, and has a son, the Hon. John Raphael Wentworth Savile, and three daughters.—[Photograph by W. and D. Downey.]

of Kitchener's one passion, as if we could never get over our surprise at the thought of the stern man's interest in the infinite range of tender colouring and subtle surfaces that constitutes the charm of Chinese porcelain. But more surprising, to my mind, is Mr. George Robey's affection for the same branch of collecting. The types of character he portrays so cleverly do not suggest a collector of porcelain of such infinite delicacy.

A Demonstration in Kind.

There is one story of Kitchener's collecting that may not have been retold. In India a certain wealthy civilian, who was also an expert, wished, like divers other people, to curry favour

with the soldier. He thought, first, he might do it at considerable cost, with the gift of a genuine rarity in porcelain, but, on thinking it over, decided to have one of his treasures exactly copied instead. It was well done, and cost him dear, but not quite one quarter so much as the sacrifice of the original would have done. The copy made, he presented it to Lord Kitchener, and packed away the original in a secret place. The next night he was asked to dinner, and found his offering in the place of honour, with two genuine pieces of the same dynasty on each side of it. Kitchener thanked him for the gift and said nothing more, but the proximity of those genuine examples made it clear, as nothing else could have done, that all was not well with the gift. The civilian saw his failure, picked up the unlucky copy, scrutinised it closely, said that some mistake had been made, and the

next morning delivered the real thing in its place. And yet we still talk of Kitchener's heavy hand and drastic manners!

The Letter-Writers at Large.

Through the initial generosity of its owner, 20, Belgrave Square has been lent to clubless officers. The idea of instituting and throwing open a club in that region is an extraordinarily useful one, for though there has been a very general offer of private hospital accommodation, the need, and a definite need it is, of club premises has been somewhat overlooked. No. 20, which was lately occupied by Lord Barnard, is voted very suitable and very comfortable. It requires, of course, certain continuous supplies of club material, such as stationery, books, and fuel, and these may be subscribed for by anybody. I imagine that directly the wants of the club are known its coal-cellars will be filled to overflowing, and its writing desks supplied with correspondence paper sufficient for the needs of even the loneliest officer.

Raising the Wind.

Mme. Marchesi, whose voice is at its best in a large

room, sang the other day at Grosvenor House. It was an afternoon, paying affair in aid of the British Hospital for French Wounded at Arc-en-Barrois, and was obviously successful. Adeline Duchess of Bedford and Lady Delia Peel were in the crowd, and Miss Lilian Braithwaite helped very prettily in the entertaining. Another function, for the benefit of soldiers wounded in Dublin, took place last week at Mrs. Marsh's pretty house in Arlington Street, and Lady Agnes Strickland and Lady Mainwaring were again to the front as performers. Mme. Marchesi, by the way, has been selling some of her old prints at Sotheby's, and getting the right sort of prices for them, war-time being by no means a close time with collectors.



TO MARRY FLIGHT-COM.
CHARLES B. BREESE, R.N. :
MISS MOLLY TWEEDY.

The marriage of Miss Molly Tweedy to Flight-Commander Charles B. Breese, R.N., is arranged to take place at St. Paul's Church, Dyrham, Gloucestershire, on July 1.

Photograph by Bassano.



TO MARRY SECOND - LIEUTENANT
MARCEL G. SEELEY : MISS VIOLET
C. H. GIBBONS.

Miss Gibbons is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gibbons, of Boddington Manor, Gloucestershire. Mr. Marcel Seeley, Coldstream Guards, is son of Mr. and Mrs. Seeley, Melrose Fields, New South Wales.

Photograph by Swaine.

"STRIPES" FOR A MACHINE-GUN SECTION'S "LEADER."



IN "TO-NIGHT'S THE NIGHT," AT THE GAIETY: MISS HÉLÈNE WILLIAMS.

Our readers will remember that in our issue of May 24 we reproduced a page of an earlier "Sketch," containing a portrait of Miss Williams, which had been rescued from a fire in billets at the front caused by German shells. The portrait had been treasured by a machine-gun section of a certain regiment, and after the fire they sent it to Miss Williams as a souvenir, with all their signatures attached. Here are some later photo-

graphs of the same charming young actress, wearing "stripes" rather different from those of an N.C.O. Doubtless this page also will adorn many a billet and dug-out at the front, as a reminder of the pleasant ways of town which the inmates have renounced for their country's good, and, it well may be, are hoping to resume when the war comes to its successful ending.—[Photographs by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]



THE CLUBMAN

A STRANGE SIGN OF THE TIMES: AN ADMIRER OF "TOMMY": THE PAPAL NAVY.

A Hun Trophy. I am told by a friend staying in a country house of a trophy that has been sent home from the front. The trophy consists of a brand-new suit of airman's uniform, and the shoddiness of it shows the difficulty the Germans have in obtaining materials. The breeches are of imitation leather, and the gauntlets have pieces of wood to keep them out instead of whalebone; the cloth coat is of the shoddiest stuff, with its sleeves patched inside with mangy cat's-skin. In a way, this bears out the contention that Germany is making the best of a very bad bargain, and pretending in every branch of its services that the imitation is as good as the real thing.

The Trench Badge. A "Company Commander" takes me to task because I said that the Army Service Corps brought rations up to the communication trenches. Technically, no doubt, "Company Commander" is correct; but the Army Service Corps bring the rations over shell-swept roads up to the point where the fatigue parties from the regiments meet them, and what I wished to emphasise was that the A.S.C. have their full share of danger, and that, if any reward is to be given to the men who have served in the trenches, the Artillery and the A.S.C. could put forward a very good claim for a like recognition.

What I Wrote.

"Company Commander" seems to think that I am using the influence of *The Sketch* against giving Tommy Atkins any recognition for the work he has done, and the hardships and dangers he has endured in the trenches. This is not so, and had he read carefully what I wrote he would have seen that I only pointed out the difficulties of giving special recognition at the moment to the men in the trenches, and that I suggested that after the war due honour should be done to them, and mentioned what seemed to me the most practicable method of doing this. I have been a comrade and an admirer of the British private for very many years, have soldiered with him in many parts of the earth, have campaigned with him, and have seen him in his lighter moments, and I can assure "Company Commander" that I am the first man in the world to try and do Tommy a good turn, and the very last man to try and do him a bad one.

A Papal Ship. The Pope has become a maritime power, for he now has a navy of one—the boat in which the Papal Nuncio is to travel to South America. The Pope evidently has no great faith in the German promise not to torpedo any ship without warning given and search made, for his one duckling is to be plainly painted with the Papal colours—yellow and white—and is to fly the Papal flag, which has not been seen at a masthead for many a long day. It is a yellow-and-white flag, and on the white

is the Papal mitre and the crossed keys. It is, of course, entirely by the courtesy of the Italian Government that this ship will leave an Italian port, and no doubt the Papal Nuncio will be given the honour of a salute as a Prince of the Church.

Tiny Navies. Other princes and potentates, particularly those in the East, possess no larger navy than the Pope boasts—indeed, some of them are not as powerful on the water. The Prince of Monaco has an admirable yacht which flies the princely flag, and which is engaged, when it leaves port, in deep-sea dredging to collect specimens for the Prince's museum. Monaco is a neutral State, though the Prince has strong French sympathies, but I have no doubt that yacht has not gone far out into the Mediterranean since the Austrian submarines have been there. The Sultan of Johore, in the days when I knew Malaya fairly well, had a navy of steam launches, which were principally engaged in bringing visitors to and from the island to

the mainland, and he had a little yacht which generally lay at anchor in front of the Estana. We used to chaff the official who was in charge of these boats, and called him the "Admiral of Johore."

"The White Elephant."

Siam nowadays has, I believe, some war-vessels that carry a respectable amount of metal, but thirty years ago one or two small gun-boats represented her power at sea. The Commander of this navy was a grim old Briton with a twinkle in his eye and a keen sense of humour. On one occasion, when I was going home via America from the Far East, this old sea-dog asked me whether I would like to have his Order of the White Elephant with which to dazzle the Yankees. I did not accept his offer, but I asked him if he did

not find it necessary to wear his Order at Bangkok, and he told me that he did not, and that he was in constant fear of losing it by forgetting where he had put it.

The Chinese Navy.

China spends quite a considerable sum of money on new ships, and looks with a very jealous eye on the powerful fleet of the Japanese; but she still has some very queer old vessels amongst her ships of war, and some of these we used to see at Hong-Kong. When an official came from Canton to pay his respects to the Governor of Hong-Kong, he was generally preceded by some armed junks which looked very much like the war-vessels of the days of the Plantagenets. They had guns on board them, made a splendid noise, and they returned with interest the salute to which the Mandarin was entitled. The smallest British gun-boat would have put a whole fleet of these junks out of action; but, in the cause of picturesque, I trust that they are still afloat and still making a deafening noise.



FIVE NEPHEWS OF "RANJI" AT LORD'S: AN INTERESTING GROUP AT A RECENT CRICKET MATCH. Evidently cricket runs in the family of the Jam Sahib of Nawanagar, known in his cricketing days as "Ranji." Five of his nephews were present at a recent match at Lord's between an Indian students' team and Lieutenant-Colonel Bailey's eleven. From left to right in the group they are: K. S. Digvijaysinhji (Umpire), K. S. Hamatsinhji, K. S. Pratapsinhji (Captain), K. S. Raisinhji (reserve man), and K. S. Rajendrasinhji. The three who played made 131 out of the Indians' total score of 182, the captain contributing 75. The Indians won.—[Photograph by C.N.]

PARIS FASHIONS IN WAR-TIME: "SNAPSHOTS" IN THE BOIS.

SIMPLER, BUT STILL *CHIC*: SOME PARISIAN WAR-TIME COSTUMES SEEN RECENTLY IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

Naturally, the war has affected the world of fashion, and Paris does not display such wonderful "creations" as of yore. The Frenchwoman has other things to think of, yet even in the midst of her patriotic work she cannot put off her innate genius for dress. The war-time fashions are simpler and less elaborate, but, as our photographs show, they still possess the Parisian air of distinction and striking originality. "The traditional care of personal appearance," writes one observer of *La Mode* in Paris,

"has not fallen off, and although fewer clothes are bought, they are just as carefully chosen and put on. . . . The slightly narrower skirt is already finding favour, and to have any skirt too short is now an exaggeration not easily pardoned. . . . Tussore, foulard, and alpaca are all being used for making country dresses. . . . A big dressmaker gives commonplace materials a touch of idealism, which completely does away with dullness."—[Photographs by Topical.]

"ROSES, ROSES, ALL THE WAY": ROSE DAY IN LONDON.



OUTSIDE THE SOUTH AUSTRALIAN GOVERNMENT OFFICES:
THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND AND HER HELPERS.



A SUCCESSFUL SALESWOMAN:
LADY GARVAGH.



THE ROSE QUEEN'S DRIVE: QUEEN ALEXANDRA CHEERED BY WOUNDED SOLDIERS.



A FELINE ARISTOCRAT: QUEEN ALEX-
ANDRA'S CAT ON ROSE DAY.



AN INTERESTING GROUP: THE HON. MRS. T. J. RYAN
AND HER HELPERS.

"Alexandra Day" has become one of the most popular of all London's out-of-door institutions, and as, happily, it was fine on Wednesday last, the streets were gay with pink blossoms and the white dresses of the ladies who were helping the Fund, instituted by Queen Alexandra five years ago, for the benefit of the sick and suffering and wounded throughout the Empire. Her Majesty, who was accompanied by the Princess Royal and Princess Maud, had a great reception, and was at one point pelted with flowers, to her amusement. Our illustrations show: (1) The Duchess of Portland, the Hon. F. W. Young (Agent-General for the South Australian Government), Miss

Margaret Baxter, Miss May Beeman, and some Australian lady helpers, outside the South Australian Government Offices; (2) Lady Garvagh offering roses and proving herself a very successful seller; (3) Queen Alexandra leaving Marlborough House amid the cheers of a group of wounded soldiers; (4) Her Majesty's ten-year-old cat, carried in the arms of a Royal servant, and decorated with roses in honour of the great day; (5) A group of successful saleswomen, including (left to right) Miss Gyffea, Mrs. Margaret Baxter, Lady Webb, and the Hon. Mrs. T. J. Ryan, wife of the Premier of Queensland.

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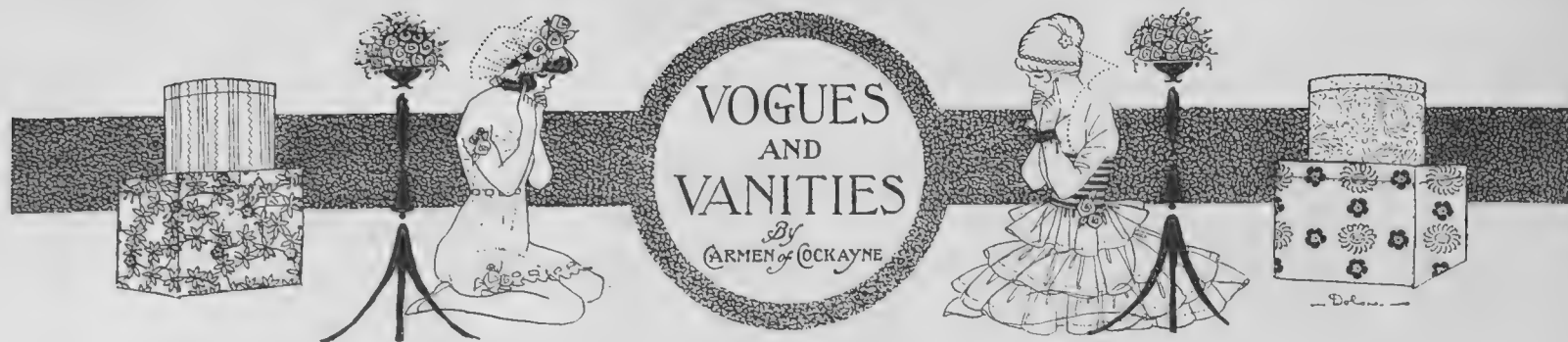
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A BIT OF A FACER!



MRS. SHORTSIGHT (*rather behind time!*): I want a respirator, please.
 THE CHEMIST: Yes, Madam. What kind do you require?
 MRS. SHORTSIGHT: Oh! One like you're wearing will do.

DRAWN BY STAN TERRY.



Summer Frocks and Summer Shocks.

How unfortunate that Thomson's seasons are not the seasons of Brown, Smith, and Robinson—and their womenkind! If only January would always be bleak and drear, and June always "flaming," dress would be a less complicated problem. But in our climate of surprises climate is no guide, and there are times—this June was one of them—when it is a simple choice between pneumonia in new clothes and self-preservation in old. In this year's dreadful midsummer—when daylight-saving meant an hour extra of grim blasts from the North, while the shop-windows reminded one of the summery *dolce far niente*—the streets were full of women moving rapidly to keep warm in the fur coats of mid-winter or the thick tailor-mades of early spring. Even at the expense of being out of the fashion, most women declined to incur the twin dangers of blue lips and a red nose by facing the bitter wind and icy rain in the fluttering nothings of summer wear. The Park yielded few sensations. Even the charity functions were unexciting—from a purely sartorial point of view, of course—and there was no temptation at all to err against the latest manifestoes of the War Savings Committee, who—rather unnecessarily, it seemed at the time—urged women to restrict their purchases of new clothes to woollen garments. Still, they gave everyone a chance of feeling delightfully and unusually patriotic; and to earn one's own self-esteem is a comforting thing.

Colours Few But Fit.

But all that was a fortnight and more ago. Flaming June has watered down her reputation; but blazing July, let us hope, will live up to hers, and afford ample opportunities for the display of the gauzy summer frocks which everyone loves. The disappointment of the last few weeks, indeed, is already forgotten in the congenial pursuit of the warm-weather gown of clinging *crêpe-de-Chine*, soft muslin, or indiscreetly lovely voile. War or peace, summer dresses we must have. There have been whispers of dye difficulties and other scares. Experts may tell you that there are fewer colours obtainable; but then, it is the business of an expert to "grouse." Certain it is that lovely woman out for the refitment of her wardrobe will find nothing to grumble at in the summer uniforms fashion has designed for 1916. Then, too, there are holidays to be taken into consideration. Continental resorts are inaccessible, but there still remain English watering-places in which, as many people are finding out for the first time, it is perfectly possible to spend an enjoyable month or six weeks, and,

as every woman knows, in that enjoyment her summer outfit plays an important part.

The Charm of Voile.

The charm of the warm-weather frock is chiefly the charm of voile—voile with a delicately patterned surface or a demurely plain one, for vivid and outrageous designs and colourings are still beyond the pale of good taste. But, whether plain or patterned, the frock of voile is essentially practical, for the material is one which does not easily crush and will wash well. Sketched on this page are some typical summer frocks at their coolest and most up-to-date best.

They are a few of the varied selection which find a home in the salons of Gooch's, in Knightsbridge, the home *par excellence* of this particular type of gown, and all of them are distinguished by that simplicity which is required of the cotton frock of to-day.

The Coat Frock.

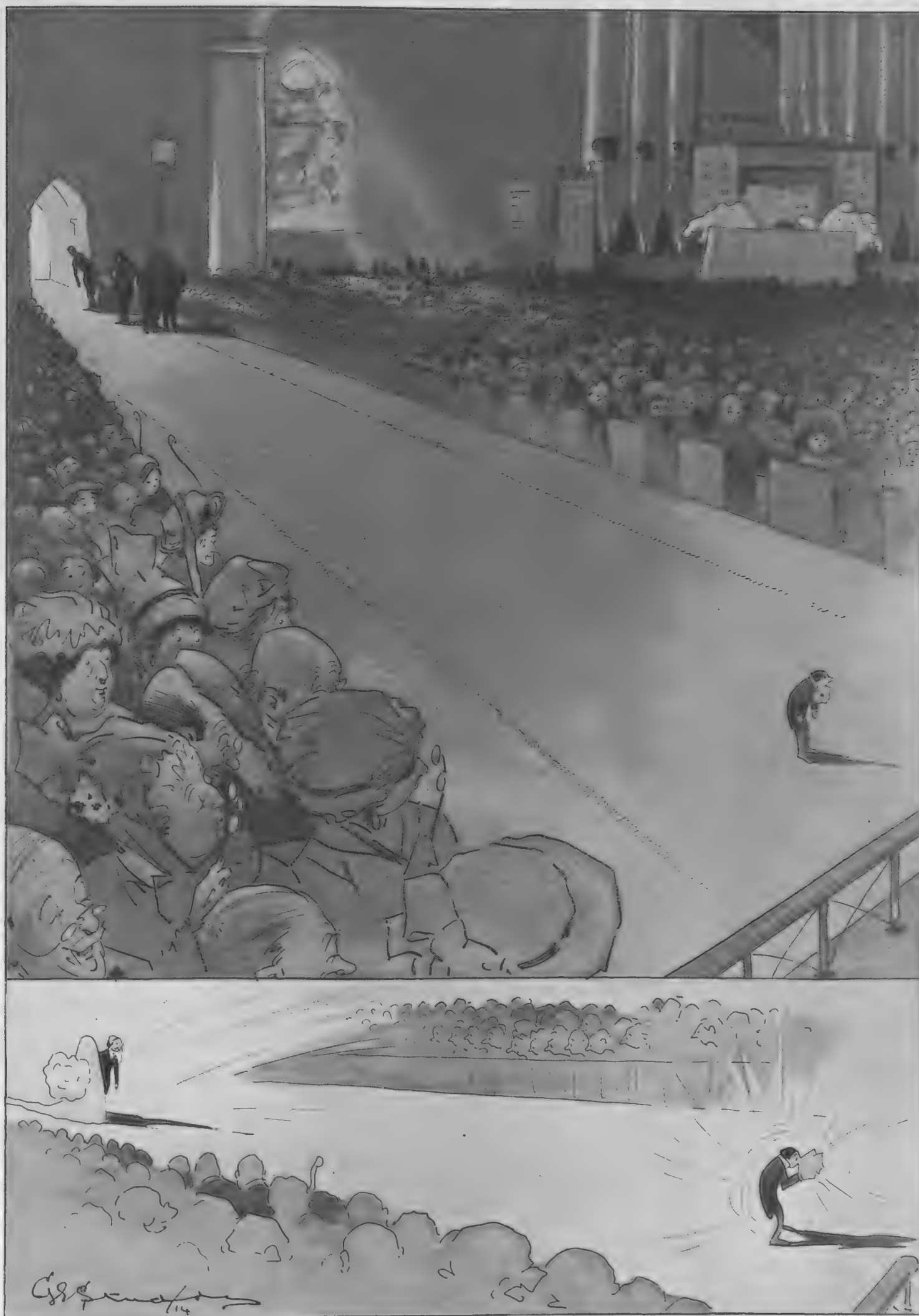
The smart frock at the back is carried out in the popular "coat frock" shape. The upper half of white *crêpe-de-Chine* supports a pleated skirt of *crêpe crêpon* in a rose-pink shade. The same delicate colour lines the girdle, and touches of it appear again in the cuffs and the buttons, which serve the double purpose of fastening and adornment. The latest jumper frock is sketched on the left. This particular example is in white cotton *crêpon*, but an even more fascinating one has rich orange-coloured stripes on a white background, and the stripes themselves are sprinkled with microscopic sprigs of pink flowers. The pleated skirt forms a frill-like heading at the waist, and the "brace"



Fascinating frocks for summer suns. The one on the left shows just how short a frock may be and yet remain a frock. The one in the middle is of pink and white *crêpe-de-Chine*; the seated figure wears daintily flowered voile.

straps which cross and re-cross one another are fastened to the skirt, as you see, with flat pearl buttons. Worn over a fine lawn or voile blouse, it makes an ideal garment for country or seaside wear, and can be had in various combinations of colours. Whether our dress is merely workaday or intended for sunny hours of leisure, pockets it must have. That is why the voile gown on the right has two, which are placed in the forefront of the fully gathered skirt. The material is voile, white voile patterned with a conventional design the prevailing tone in which is lavender mauve. The tiny bolero-like bodice opens to show a chemisette of white lawn, and is split both back and front, and then laced with deep mauve ribbon, which is also used as an edging to the square collar. There is another gown in which the attractive qualities of smocking are displayed. For those who prefer coats and skirts, Gooch's have plenty in linens, white piques, and serges; and a "coat frock" in fine whipcord or blue serge suggests itself as a practical addition to the holiday outfit.

"O ACHING TIME! O MOMENTS BIG AS YEARS!"



WHEN THE BRIDE IS TWO MINUTES LATE.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE THIRTEENTH PROPOSAL.

By P. G. HOGARTH.

I.

"THAT," said Archie Westover, rising and dusting his knees, "is the twelfth time I've proposed, and I've never done it in the proper romantic style before."

The girl who had just refused him laughed gently. "I am immensely honoured that you should have varied your usual formula for my benefit," she said.

"There isn't a 'usual formula,'" Archie answered indignantly. "I wouldn't insult a girl by proposing to her in just the same way that I proposed to the last one. It's different *every* time."

Helen Forbes laughed again. It was impossible to take Archie Westover seriously, but she was very fond of him.

"You have taken up the proposing of marriage as an art, I suppose," she said; "but it will be rather tiresome when someone accepts you, won't it?"

"Oh, but they mostly do!" the injured Archie replied; "only I'm so hopelessly ineligible that prudent papas and mammas never let it come to anything."

"For which you are devoutly thankful, I suppose?"

"Not at the time—oh, no; at the time I am as disappointed as anybody."

Helen laughed again at the disingenuous "anybody."

"I nearly always mean it, and all that, you know. Only I have to go away, and I come across somebody else; and it isn't *my* fault that there are such heaps of top-hole women around."

"And do you tell them all the number of their predecessors?"

"Lord, no! I've never told anyone before. Only you're different somehow, and I knew you'd laugh."

"I can't help it," said Helen, laughing again; "but, all the same, it's a bad habit, Archie. One of these days you'll be accepted by someone who hasn't a prudent parent to get her out of it, and then you'll be done."

"That did happen once," Archie confessed, a little shamefacedly, "and it was most beastly awkward, because that time I hadn't meant to propose at all!"

"Force of habit," murmured Helen.

"Perhaps it was. Anyway, we were in the Casino gardens—at Mentone, you know—and I'd got a beastly headache and couldn't think of anything to say, and it was one of those awkward silences, you know."

Helen was looking across the lake meditatively, and her expected comment did not come.

"Am I boring you?" Archie asked anxiously.

"I was trying to remember if conversation had flagged badly about ten minutes ago," Helen said thoughtfully.

"Oh, I say, Helen, don't be a beast! Would I be telling you all this if I hadn't been in dead earnest just now? I swear you're the only—"

"All right, Archie; we'll take that as read. I was only ragging you. Go on telling me about the girl at Mentone—if you can, I mean."

"Yes," Archie answered sorrowfully; "it's only myself I'm giving away. She was an awfully good sort, you know, only earnest—she would have wanted to reform me and find me 'a serious object in life,' and all that. I knew all the time that I was being a fool; but, once you get going, you can't very well pull up."

"And she accepted you?"

"Yes; and a rotten bad night I had afterwards calling myself every sort of idiot. And then the next morning I told her that I'd only about two-fifty a year and no expectations, and ought never to have asked her, and so forth. You see, her people were all dead, so I had to tell her herself."

"And did that work it?"

"Oh, no—she'd nearly a thousand of her own, you see, and said we could manage quite well on that. And so we should. She was the kind of woman who knew how to get the best value for her money. We were engaged for nearly a week. I never felt so rotten in my life."

"How did it end?" Helen asked.

Archie laughed shamefacedly.

"Well, you know, I *had* to get out of it. She was a ripping good sort, but she'd have found out sooner or later what a hopeless

rotter I am. We couldn't have worked it. So I—I got beastly drunk on purpose one evening. It was the first time I'd ever taken too much, and it'll jolly well be the last. Beastly! She broke it off then, of course. I'm afraid she was rather offended, but that was better than going on with it."

Helen lay still in her deck-chair and said nothing.

"You seem to be my sort of father-confessor," Archie said, with slight embarrassment in his tone. "I've never told anyone about that before, and I don't quite know why I did now."

Still Helen was silent. And Archie went on desperately, "I say, Helen, do you think I'm an awful beast to have told you? I suppose it's no use now asking if you really mean to stick to 'No.' You think me an awful blighter..."

Helen came back to earth suddenly.

"Silly boy, I think just exactly the same of you as I've always thought. You've merely shaded in a perfectly correct sketch of you that I had in my mind. If only you'll grow up you'll be quite a nice person, but you must do your growing yourself. I'm not going to marry you and have all the trouble thrust on to my shoulders. How old do you call yourself?"

"Twenty-six," replied Archie.

"Ye gods!" Helen looked him up and down with mocking pity. "I'm twenty-six myself, but I haven't been as young as you are since I was at school." Suddenly she changed her mocking tone. "Archie, listen to me seriously; I'm going back to town to-morrow" ("Rotten—must you?" from Archie), "and I leave before you'll be down in the morning, so I'm going to talk to you like a mother now."

"I'd a jolly sight rather you talked to me like a prospective wife," Archie grumbled.

Helen took no notice of the interruption.

"One of these days you'll get yourself into serious trouble. No, I don't mean breach of promise; but you'll get yourself disliked. People will have to be careful whom they ask you to meet, and they'll end by not asking you at all. You may not want my advice, but I'm going to give it to you all the same. If I were you, I'd clear out of England to some place where the women didn't understand my language, and work for my living. Your trouble

[Continued overleaf.]



MOTHER OF A DAUGHTER: THE COUNTESS OF LISBURN.

The Countess of Lisburne, who has recently given birth to a daughter, was, before her marriage to the Earl of Lisburne, in 1914, very popular in Society, as Mlle. Regina de Bittencourt, daughter of Don Julio de Bittencourt, Attaché to the Chilean Legation in London.

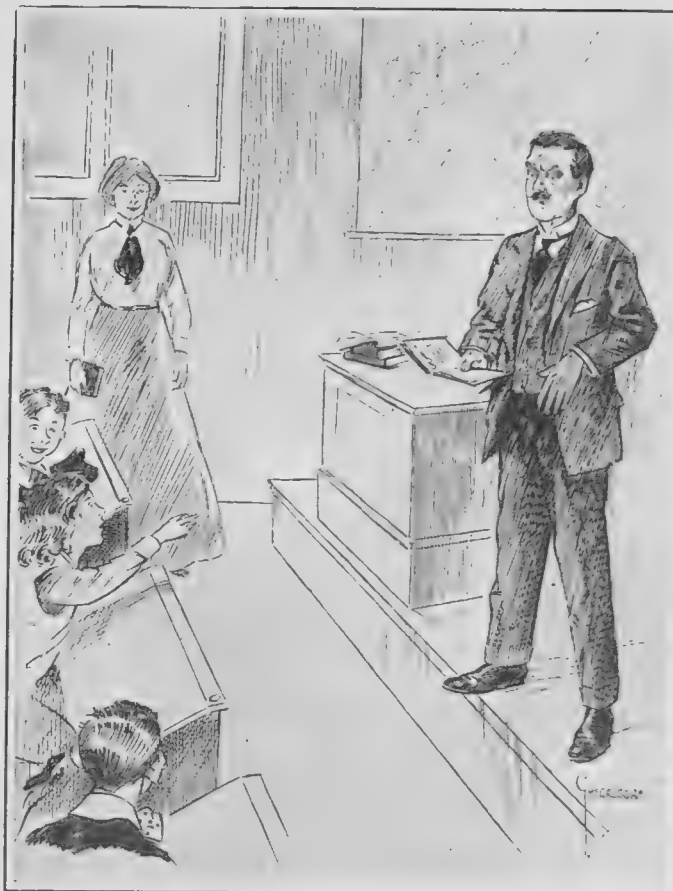
Photograph by Sarony.

FOUR — BUT NOT DEEP.



THE COAST-DEFENCE FORCE: Now, then, young Billy Binks, if you don't surrender, in you goes!

DRAWN BY HESKETH DAUBENY.



THE INSPECTOR (*eligible for the Army*): Now, if you wish to ask me any questions—

THE ACCUSER: P-p-please, Sir! Why are you not in khaki?

DRAWN BY G. MCGREGOR.



THE SOUVENIR-HUNTER: Please, Sir, 'ave yer got a pocket-knife on yer?

THE SOLDIER (*home on leave*): Pocket-knife, laddie? Yes.

THE SOUVENIR-HUNTER: Well, cut us off 'one of yer buttons, will yer?

DRAWN BY THOMAS HENRY.



THE MAN WITH THE NEWS: Hullo, Bill! I hear the Germans have just torpedoed a boat full of Army mules.

BILL (*or what a mule had left of him*): Thank Gawd!

DRAWN BY STAN TERRY.

is that you've got just enough to live on and no need to do anything but make yourself popular and flirt with pretty girls. It doesn't matter so much when you're still a boy" (indignant protest from Archie), "but when you're a man you'll be nothing but a bore—muscle gone to seed, brain gone to seed, nothing left but a well-dressed doll who can make light, amusing conversation that is all very well at dinners and dances, but bores one stiff if there's nothing else behind it." She broke off suddenly. "Oh, Lord, what a prig I sound! Don't bear malice for my lecture, Archie. It's getting cold here—let's go in."

"If I do all that—go abroad and work, I mean—will you look at me when I come back?"

"I might look," Helen answered, laughing; "but you'll probably come back engaged to the first English girl you meet on the home-coming steamer. It'll be your thirteenth proposal, you know, and thirteen is always unlucky."

For once Archie did not reply to her sally. He helped her from the long deck-chair and said good-night as she went in through the open French windows.

"Aren't you coming in? Well, then, it's good-bye too. You'll be fast asleep at the time I'm in the train."

"Good-night," said Archie, "and good-bye if I don't see you again. I say, Helen, according to you, I'm not grown up yet, so you might kiss me good-night."

"I never *did* like kissing children," said Helen firmly, and left him.

To the surprise of everyone who was up at the time, Archie, who made it a rule never to come down before eleven in the country, appeared at half-past eight and announced his intention of driving Helen to the station. "We may never meet again," he said solemnly; "you won't refuse me this last privilege?"

"Archie, I positively forbid you to commit suicide in this house," his hostess cried. "I have not time to attend inquests; and, if we try to hush it up, there is all the difficulty of getting rid of the corpse."

"It's not very hospitable of you," said Archie; "most people would be glad to offer any little facilities they could. Does your prohibition extend to my throwing myself under the train that carries Helen away from me?"

"It does," said Helen fervently. "You may only drive me to the station if you promise to behave yourself and return with the trap before you shake off these mortal coils. I didn't make that up—Shakespeare, wasn't it?"

So Archie drove her to the station, and driven pleasantly on the way, making no reference, implicit or explicit, to the happenings of the previous evening. Only, as the train was just moving out, he shouted after her, "I shall send you my address, and I shall expect you to write."

Now his town address Helen knew quite well.

II.

"Scene, a flat in Chelsea," murmured Archie two years later; "window to right with view of river, fireplace left, door centre back—"

The door opened at the moment and admitted Helen. "Archie!" she said, holding out her hand. "How are you? When did you get back? Have you made your fortune? Are you grown up yet?"

"The curtain rises," Archie pursued imperturbably, "on the meeting of the hero and heroine after a parting of two years one month and six days. The heroine forgets her book and does not drop her head on his manly bosom—ah, well! Such is real life."

"Archie," said Helen, laughing, "I don't believe you are a day older! I should have thought you'd have forgotten all that nonsense."

"All what nonsense, my dear Helen?" Archie inquired.

Helen turned a rather becoming pink and ignored his question.

"Sit down and tell me what you've been doing. You can't have tea yet—it's too early—but you may smoke."

"All what nonsense?" persisted Archie, submitting to being pushed into a large arm-chair by the window, while Helen perched herself on the window-sill.

"The nonsense you always used to talk before you went away."

"Then, as now, it covered a broken heart," Archie said sententiously. "Ah, Helen, you little know how many a light word and jest covers—"

"In a minute I shall slap you," said Helen. She had dreaded, in some ways, her first meeting with him after his absence, but it was impossible to be embarrassed with Archie.

"Tell me what you've been doing. The handful of picture-postcards, which was all you troubled to write, told me next to nothing."

"Handful!" Archie murmured aside to the ceiling. "And I sent her one every mail. Ingratitude, thy name is woman!"

"What did you grow on your farm?" said Helen, descending from the general to the particular.

"We didn't grow anything, and it wasn't a farm—it was a ranch," said Archie. He was enjoying the tormenting of Helen even more than he had expected. "And," he added severely, "I haven't come home to be cross-questioned by just anybody!"

"Perhaps not," Helen returned. "The best-laid schemes of mice and men, you know . . . some people find themselves in the witness-box without ever intending to get there. Be thankful it isn't the dock."

"You are not King's Counsel," said Archie, shaking his head slowly; "I cannot answer the questions of the general public. If you want information, you must first acquire a right to it."

"As how?" Helen inquired, repenting her question the moment afterwards.

But Archie merely looked at her sorrowfully and shook his head again. "Your opportunity to be other than the general public," he said, "was lost—I may say, thrown recklessly away—two years ago."

"Oh, Archie, then there *was* a girl on the steamer?" Helen cried, lowering her guard. "Tell me."

"A girl on the steamer?"—Archie pretending mystification. "Certainly—several girls. Why?"

"Did you propose to them *all*?" Helen asked, as lightly as she could.

"No; I couldn't. I have been engaged for two years now, you know."

"Then it happened going out?" she said, with an unaccountable sinking of heart—that is to say, she chose to consider it unaccountable.

"Not exactly," Archie replied. "It was really an understood thing before I went."

"And you never told me—I think you might have," Helen said reproachfully.

"I thought I would rather wait and tell you in person," Archie said. "These things are not easily explained in a letter. Besides, I wanted to see how you took it."

"How I took your engagement? How should I take it? Are you expecting formal congratulations?"

"Oh, I'm expecting a little more than that. Aren't you *glad* I'm going to be happy?"

"Of course I'm glad—if you really are. Tell me what she's like."

"Her style is not unlike yours," said Archie reflectively. "About five foot seven, I should guess; brown hair with a touch of copper in it, green eyes, straight nose, adorable mouth . . . I say, aren't you interested?"

"What is she like in herself?" said Helen, still looking away from him across the river.

"That's rather hard to say," Archie answered. "I think that I can get my own way with her when I'm really firm. All the rest of the time she'll probably get her own way with me."

"And when are you going to be married?" Helen asked in a low voice, apparently of the trees beneath the window.

"It isn't fixed yet," said Archie carelessly; "about the middle of next month, I think. What dates have you free?"

"What on earth has that to do with it?" Helen cried.

"Well, rather a lot—you see, there are no adequate arrangements in English law for marriage by proxy, and you are cast for the bride."

Helen swung round suddenly. "What!" she said. "But you said you were engaged before you went out!"

"So I was, and I don't think it is quite nice of you to have forgotten. Surely you haven't been so callous as to get married yourself in the interval? Otherwise, this consternation is a little overdone, isn't it?"

"Oh, Archie, *do* be serious for one minute. I never said I'd marry you before you went away . . ."

"No, of course not; you're going to marry me after I've come back—that's all right, isn't it?"

"Archie!" Helen was nearly crying with exasperation. "Have you or have you not come here to propose to me again? If so, I wish you'd do it so that I can understand what you are driving at."

"No," said Archie solemnly; "I'm not going to propose again. You told me the thirteenth time would be unlucky, and I'm not taking any risks. But," he added generously, "you can propose to me if you like, and I'll promise to accept you."

Helen slipped off the window-sill, and, seizing his shoulders, shook him violently to and fro until she collapsed on top of him in the arm-chair. He kissed her with admirable promptitude.

"You are the most preposterously impudent person I ever met," she gasped, out of breath with her exertions of the moment before. "And who told you you might kiss me?"

"After we are married I will ask permission every time, if you like. Till then, I shall take what I can get."


A discreet maid tapped at the door and opened it to admit the tea-tray.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Miss," she said to the back of the arm-chair.

Helen struggled into a sitting position. "It doesn't really matter, Mary. You'll have to know sooner or later. Mr. Westover and I are going to get married next month."

"Because I daren't risk a thirteenth proposal," said Archie to the mystified maid.

THE END.



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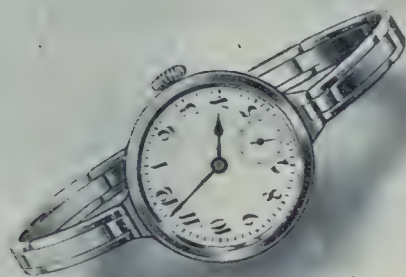
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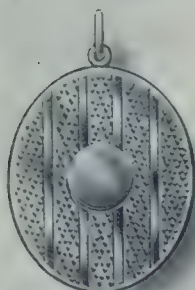
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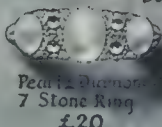
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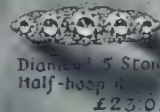
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Clubman: Yes! Couldn't fight myself, you know, so gave the car to the Red Cross people. Don't suppose she'll be much good by the time they've finished with her!

Dunlop: I'm afraid that's very true. What are you doing about another car?

Clubman: I'm tenth man on a waiting list for cars for delivery after the war and, by the way, I specified Dunlop tyres.

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THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN



Nice to Know.

We can be economical and yet well turned out ; the great secret of this is watching opportunity. One is before us now—Peter Robinson's, Regent Street, began their great summer sale on Monday. Most women are contemplating a change, if not a holiday : now is the time to prepare for it with new clothes. The very substantial reductions in really useful and well-made coats and skirts are one great item in the opportunity. A well-tailored, smart, neat suit in Aberdare cord costs at this sale only 95s. It is available in navy-blue and other popular dark and light colours. Most attractive is a coat-frock of natural Shantung, very practical, fresh, and stylish, for 69s. 6d. It is buttoned down the front, and has a patent black leather belt—just the thing to wear at a smart seaside resort. Figured voile dresses trimmed with plain voile, which were 69s. 6d., are now 49s. 6d. ; and there are lovely fresh, dainty zephyr frocks at 25s. 6d. Golf skirts, well cut and well tailored, of good Scotch tweed, are 35s. 6d. ; and most excellent investments can be made in fur coats, which will be scarce and expensive in the winter because of shortage of tailors. A three-quarter-length coat of coney seal trimmed with opossum is £18 18s. ; and one of seal-musquash, wide-skirted and smart, can now be bought for £24 10s. Lingerie and Japanese silk blouses are in this sale from 8s. 11d. to 22s. 6d. These are most useful for holiday wear, and are quite exceptional value.

Formosa Foremost.

Our Japanese Allies have proved their value to us in this war, albeit we had learned to value them before it. We have acquired a taste for Formosa Oolong tea too, and not only are the Formosa Tea-Rooms, 36, Piccadilly, crowded every afternoon, but packets of this delicious tea are acquired for home consumption. Luncheons and dinners at this dainty restaurant are also much appreciated, because the food is of fine quality, well cooked and daintily served ; there is seldom a vacant table. This goes to show the business capacity of the Japanese, and the success they attain when they set themselves to do it. We should be amazed, had we not gradually become accustomed to it, to see a tea company and restaurateurs from the Far East achieve complete success in our own Piccadilly of this hub of the West. The Japanese, although their influence and character are felt at the Formosa, give us our own customs and our own food, which we like the better for their excellent management.

Quality, Quality, That's the Thing.

When one attends a sale, let it be a quality sale, where every purchase will stand the three-fold test of style, time, and taste. There is one which opened on Monday, and is in progress now at Woolland's,

in which everything is from that well-known firm's own stock ; and this is a sure certificate of first-rate style, taste, and wearing quality. Think of a well-cut Woolland skirt in tweed, duck, or piqué for 14s. 11d., or of holiday washing frocks at 19s. 11d. Tailor-made coats and skirts at 59s. 6d ; hats at practically all prices—and all really first-class millinery ; voile gowns at a guinea ; lovely lingerie at little more than half the usual price ; dainty petticoats, blouses, sports coats, and fabrics of all kinds at wonderfully favourable prices for war-depleted purses. And we can say to ourselves, "Although they are cheap, they can never look cheap, for they are Woolland's, and that is another name for quality." I need not mention the ribbons, flowers, and laces, veils and gloves, for every dressy woman knows !

Healthy, Cleanly, and Wise.

These be English words suitable to British people, and we are every year learning more and more of their value. We know the blessings and boons conferred upon us by the use of such reliable and efficient disinfectants as are supplied by Jeyes Sanitary Compounds Company ; a booklet published by the company is a valuable guide to the proportions of Jeyes fluid that should be used for clothing, rooms, utensils, nursery, bath—in fact, for every part of the home—to keep it healthful, fresh, and free from germs. Jeyes fluid is free from carbolic acid ; it is a coal-tar product, and is a powerful germicide, destroying the eggs of the filthy, disease-disseminating house-fly—one of the most subtle enemies to health, especially that of young and susceptible children. It is harmless, even in concentrated form, to skin or fabrics, and can be handled by inexperienced persons. Also it is cheap—oh, blessed word in war-time !

A Good Look Round the Big Block.

Regent Street is a place of palaces, and a big block, palatially built, is now being eagerly sought by crowds out to buy advantageously, for Robinson and Cleaver's sale is on—it began on Monday. Always offering a chance of favourable investment, it does so this summer more than ever, for the prices have been brought down to meet the conditions of business existing in war-time. I have not much space to give to so large a subject—the best advice is to seek the Linen Hall big block and have a good look round. Bargains will meet your eyes on all sides, among them the real bargains—those you want ! The table-linen is perfectly lovely, and the value extraordinary ; window curtains and blinds, necessities of war and peace, are reduced in almost unbelievable degree. There are such pretty petticoats, all the vogue again, made of fine muslin beautifully cut, at 9s. 6d.—and petticoats we must have ; there are lingerie, blouses ; and the men are by no means forgotten in the wholesale reductions.

For the Summer and the Sunshine and the Flowers.

They will be here some time, and women must be ready. We cannot disgrace such beautiful things by being out of harmony with them. I have been looking over a bundle of Grafton's cotton-voiles, and giving little gasps of pleasure at the designs and colours of them. As to the variety for choice—well, one has to settle and stay settled by sheer strength of will, so great and fascinating is it. There are some of black ground with grey and white trefails ; many most fascinating pale shades with designs of shadowy roses, as seen through the wrong end of an opera-glass. The favourite colour, dark navy-blue, is shown with all sorts of pretty patterns on it ; also there are plain colours in every conceivable

[Continued on page 211.]



CHECKED IN BLACK AND WHITE : A SILK CAP.

A jaunty little cap for a child, made of black - and - white checked silk, with a bow of white ribbon resting on the black velvet peak.



IN CORN AND OTHER COLOURS . A CHILD'S FROCK.

This frock is made of corn-coloured muslin, with embroideries of orange, blue, and purple. The hat of cream straw has narrow bands of black velvet ribbon round the high crown.



Robinson.

FOR THE MORNING DIP : A TAFFETA BATHING - SUIT.

Taffeta is still the most fashionable material for bathing-suits, and this one is carried out in dark-blue, with pipings of white. Loops of dark-blue and white ribbon ornament the cuffs, and the quaint sandals are of dark blue.

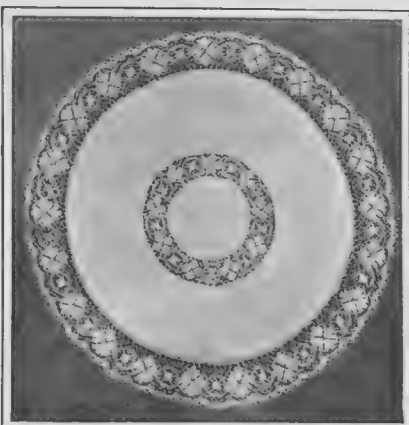
SPECIMEN BARGAINS

IN

WARING & GILLOW'S

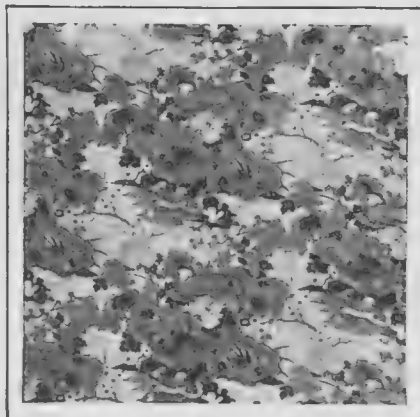
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Charming reproduction hand-made Lace and Linen Centre and Tea Cloths.

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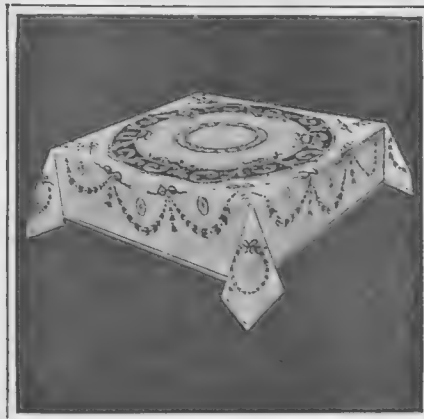
3,000 yards 31in. Cretonne, design reproduced from a fine Chinese embroidery at present in South Kensington Museum, on rose, black, blue, green and cream grounds.

Usual price ...	1/6 1/2 per yard.
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Finest Staffordshire Toilet Ware, brilliant coloured band of roses and natural coloured flowers, green edge.

5 pieces.	Usual price 14/-	Sale price 11/9
Toilet pail.	Usual price 9/-	Sale price 7/6
Sponge bowl.	Usual price 2/9	Sale price 2/-



Irish Linen Double Damask Tablecloth, Adams design.

	2 by 2½	2 by 3	2½ by 2½	2½ by 3
Usual price	21/9	25/9	27/9	32/9
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Napkins to match. 22 in. square.			Usual price 19/6.	
Sale price 14/9 per dozen.				

The specimen items printed above are merely a few examples of value to be obtained.

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WOMAN'S WAYS

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

A Penniless Queen!

It is an amusing fact among what John Timbs would have called the "things not generally known," that Royal personages have not infrequently, when sudden necessity arose, been found minus even the humblest coin of the realm. That gracious and indefatigable lady, Queen Alexandra, found herself in just such a predicament on Friday last week, when her Majesty opened the admirable Y.M.C.A. Hut for Soldiers, at Aldwych. After declaring the Hut opened, and with her own grace and charm playing hostess to the wounded soldiers, her Majesty standing behind the refreshment bar and handing cups of tea or coffee to them, and giving each one a smile, a word, and a hand-shake "all to himself," Queen Alexandra, on her way to the entrance, noticed a pile of Y.M.C.A. Testaments, bound in khaki, and, asking the price, expressed a wish to buy one. Then came the discovery that she had not a single shilling in her purse! But the difficulty was soon surmounted and her Majesty, with a smile, accepted a copy and took it away with her as a souvenir. This Aldwych Hut has been erected at a cost of £5000, contributed by friends of Lady Plumer, and is a quite luxurious little club-house in its way, and will, without doubt, do a most welcome and much-needed work, for the Strand would be quite unrecognisable in these days without its quota of men of both Services back from the Front.

High June—and War.

The third summer of the war finds Britain portentously in earnest; while France, it seems, is less perturbed and anxious than she has been since hostilities began. A friend who lives in Normandy in summer writes that "all the villas near Trouville-Deauville are let, and the hotels will be full." She does not, clearly, anticipate a dull and sorrowful summer like those of the last two years. One does not, however, hear anyone in London talking of holidays, or taking moors in Scotland or shootings in Yorkshire. Having just got into our stride, with true British obstinacy we shall not turn aside to recreation by the way till the end. Recreation is taken in the evening—the theatres with "successes" are crammed; while there does not appear to be much economy practised in the bill-of-fare, to judge by the aspect of the modish restaurants at night. Women wear black or white, and few jewels; but there is a good deal of gaiety in the nightly dance at the Savoy, where the young people perform fox-trots to the sounds of a barbaric band which suggests the Dark Continent. For mothers and chaperons, of course, the war is a period of rest and recuperation, their arduous nightly *corvée* being in abeyance. The utmost "fatigue duty" they have to perform is a walk in the Park to view the empty flower-beds; and, for the rest, the War Girl seems not only able to take care of herself, but of countless wounded Tommies as well.

Why Not Japanese Waiters?

A traveller recently returned from Tokio asserts that the waiters in that extremely modern capital are the best in the world. Why, then, should we not import them? It is true there is the language difficulty, and that it is hard to understand the English of a Japanese; but he would probably turn out quite as loquacious—and every whit as efficient—as Fritz, and Fritz will come no more to London. He must, after the war, take his talents and his napkin to Centraleuropa. He will not be suffered on the Riviera, in the Engadine, in Venice, or wherever the Allies gather to amuse themselves. British youth does not take much to "waiting," and it would seem as if the only way out, for the clubs, hotels, and restaurants, and even private houses, would be to import the young and imitative native of Nippon. Every day East and West are drawn closer together.

The Wounded "Iron Cross."

"Red Cross and Iron Cross" shows war as the doctor sees it, shorn of panoply, redolent of pain. It does more, it shows men of war and beasts of war: heroes and Huns—and, in justice, on occasion, Hun and hero, or at least Hun and stoic. For the most part, however, the Doctor in France found the enemy in very strange, very pitiful contrast to the soldiers of the Allies. Here is something about a wounded German Major: "I begged him not to think it was because he was a German he was left in that state, but that, alas! all the wounded were in the same terrible plight. Pointing to his Iron Cross, he said it was an outrageous shame to neglect an officer like that, and that he must have an injection of morphia at once. I told him again that we had no morphia, and that I had sent a messenger to St. — for medicine and dressing-materials, and I hoped surely to have some morphia for to-night, but that he must try to be patient till then. . . . we all knew he was in pain, and nobody minded his abusing us. But you could never guess the reason why he sent for me again in less than half-an-hour. . . . Do you know what he shouted as soon as I came up to him? He said he was a superior officer, and that he must have a room to himself and could not be mixed up with his own men."

"I Was an Honest Man."

It was of this officer a wounded German private spoke to the doctor: "I heard you say to him that we wounded were better off on our side. Maybe he is so, once we are in the ambulances, but before we are there we are worse off than on your side, for with us they pick up the officers first and leave us to the last. Did you hear what he called us when he told you he would not lie next to his own men? He could not find the right word in French in the fury he was in, but he found it all right in his own language. He called us *Schweine*, swine—that is how a Prussian officer speaks to his men! We obey them, cowards as we are, because we fear them; but we hate them as much as we fear them. . . . He might have called us thieves and murderers, and he would still have been right. Two months ago I was an honest man. . . . now I am a thief, a murderer, and a villain. . . . It was he who led us through the burning streets of Louvain, and through the smoking ruins of what was once called Aerschot; it was a peaceful town when we entered it, and it was a blazing furnace when we left it. It was he who made us shoot the women and children at Dinant, and sprinkle their houses with petroleum and light them with our torches. It was he who made us loot and plunder Termonde. . . . I rolled off to sleep that night with a bottle of champagne in my hand on the steps of the high altar in one of the churches. . . ." What an indictment!

The Red Cross Violated.

Add to it all, from the lips of a Mayor: "You know as well as I do that the Germans do not respect the Red Cross either on the arm of a doctor or when flying over an ambulance. The proofs against them now are too numerous to leave any doubt as to their wanton violation of the Geneva Convention. I saw with my own eyes up in the wood a Red Cross doctor lying dead with a bayonet through his chest by the side of a soldier he was evidently just attending to—he was still holding a roll of bandages in his hand. As to the Red Cross flag, it is not many days since they shelled the ambulance in Rheims, killing seventeen wounded and three nurses. The building stands all by itself, and was most easily distinguishable with its big Red Cross flag from Nogent de l'Abbesse, where their battery was placed."

"Red Cross and Iron Cross." By a Doctor in France. (John Murray; 2s. 6d. net.)



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT M. H. YOUNG, LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS: MISS M. PEART-KEMP.

Miss Mona Peart-Kemp is the only daughter of the late Rev. John Peart, Vicar of Netherwitton, Northumberland, and Mrs. Lavers Kemp, The Rectory, Radcliffe, Lancashire. Lieutenant Malcolm H. Young, of the 2-5th Lancashire Fusiliers, is the youngest son of the late Colonel Pilkington Young and Mrs. Young, of Stand Hall, Whitefield.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



WIFE OF AN OFFICER AT THE FRONT: MRS. LESLIE PARSONS (MISS LULU VALLI).

Mrs. Leslie Parsons is the wife of Captain Leslie Parsons, of the Royal Fusiliers, who is now serving with his battalion at the front.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]

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THE WHEEL AND THE WING

AN EXPERIENCE AT TOYS HILL: THE SHORTAGE OF LABOUR: THE PETROL PROBLEM.

The Sound of the Guns.

It is generally supposed that—Zeppelin raids apart—the only people in England who are acutely mindful of the war across the Channel are the inhabitants of the Eastern Counties. None the less, as I found on a recent Sunday, it is quite possible for the Londoner to hear the sound of the firing at the front from points much nearer home. I happened to be on the summit of Toys Hill, which is little more than twenty miles from town, and every now and then the boom of a big gun could be plainly heard, but with an unmistakably distant effect. Ordinarily, when one hears anything in the nature of cannonading in the London area, one assumes it to be gun-practice at Woolwich, but the sounds I heard from Toys Hill were of a totally different kind. The friend whom I was visiting—and whose house stands on the edge of the world, as it were, overlooking a vast wooded plain—informed me that the experience was a familiar one, given the wind in the right quarter, and that he frequently heard the guns at night. It may be remembered, by the way, that Mr. Lloyd George has stated that he has heard the guns from Walton Heath, which is a shade nearer London, and also somewhat further west; but, from the distinctness of the sounds audible at Toys Hill, it was quite easy to understand their carrying as far as Mr. George's house—and even further, of course, but for the fact that one cannot get much nearer town without the sounds being drowned by traffic or other causes. Any car-owner who wishes to run out to Toys Hill in order to listen to the guns, when the wind is in the east, has only to steer for Westerham and Brasted, and a turn to the right out of the latter village will take him straight up to the top of the hill. It is long and steep, and may bring him down to his second speed in places, but the ascent is in no sense difficult.

A Strand Incident.

That thousands of taxi-cabs are lying idle in the yards because men cannot be found either to drive them or to keep them in repair is now well known. As a practical illustration, however, of the shortage of labour, an incident which I observed in the Strand the other day told its own tale in striking fashion. Shortly after luncheon I was passing Charing Cross Station and saw a disabled "taxi" drawn up against the kerb right between the gates. A front wheel was broken off, either as the result of failure or a collision, and the driver himself could do nothing. Now the spot in question is one of the busiest in London, and one at which the police regulations as to traffic are particularly drastic, so that the obstruction was not likely to remain a minute longer than was necessary. About five o'clock, however, I passed

the station again, and the broken-down vehicle was still there. Two hours later I once more drove by, and a fitter had just begun to work upon the axle-end. In the ordinary course of events the cab would have been cleared away within a short time of the accident itself.

The Petrol Census. By this time it has been realised that the Petrol Control Committee went about its census work in a peculiarly amateurish manner. It gave very little

notice to the motoring community as to what it had to do, while the period within which the returns had to be made was short to a degree that has never before been known in respect of official documents. The Press was not favoured with copies of the schedule to be filled in, and so could proffer no advice on specific points. Certain post-offices were insufficiently supplied with forms, thus causing car-owners to run the risk of not getting in their returns and so of being banned henceforth from obtaining supplies of petrol. A particularly egregious error, moreover, was the ignoring of the fact that there are plenty of petrol-sellers who do not keep cars, and who would, in consequence, not be called upon to report as to the stocks they had in hand. The figures, therefore, which the Committee will collect will be delusive. Apparently, few of the members of the Committee know much about motoring from the practical point of view, and it is much to be feared that they will make a hash of the whole affair. One would like to know, however, how much executive authority they possess, and whether they have the power to take drastic action on their own account without reference to Parliament. Now that the latter has reassembled, it behoves all motoring M.P.s to watch the doings of the Petrol Committee with the utmost keenness, and prevent, if possible, the perpetration of any serious folly.

Belling the Cat.

Last week I asked who would be the first to take up the question of petrol wastage in the Services. Now comes the intimation that the Automobile Association has decided to obtain evidence wherever possible, and it is to be hoped that some good result will accrue from its efforts. The difficulties in the way, however, are many; but meanwhile, what-

ever obstacles there may be in the way of specific proof, it is not open to doubt that wastage does exist to a considerable degree. The cause appears to be that no means are provided for handing back or usefully disposing of petrol that has been served out and not been used, with the result that it is spilled over cars, lorries, and aeroplanes, or thrown into the sea, simply and solely in order to get rid of it.



FRENCH COLONIAL TROOPS FROM THE FAR EAST AT SALONIKA: AN ANNAMITE ON A NEW TYPE OF MOTOR-CYCLE.

France has colonial troops from Asia as well as Africa serving in the war in Europe. A force of Annamites, from Cochin China, recently arrived at Salonika.—[Photograph by Topical.]



THE QUEEN ALEXANDRA MOTOR-AMBULANCES AT PETROGRAD: A GROUP AT THE PRESENTATION CEREMONY.

Included in the group are the Grand Duchess Marie Pavlovna (wife of the Grand Duke Vladimir, uncle of the Emperor), Lady Paget, Lady Sybil Grey, Prince Toumanoff (Military Chief at Petrograd), and the British Ambassador, Sir George Buchanan (on the right in front). Lady Buchanan is seen standing behind the lady seated in the centre. Next to her, to the right, is Mr. Fleming, chief of the British Hospital staff at Petrograd.—[Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.]



RILETTE

Taking Cover

The "Rilette" paintings to the commission of H. Dennis Bradley visualise the lighter side of a drab war. Reproductions in colour on art paper will be forwarded free to officers in H.M. Forces upon application.

POPE & BRADLEY

Civil, Military & Naval Tailors

A NOTE TO SUBALTERNS.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

I WISH to emphasise strongly to inexperienced officers the utter futility of equipping themselves with any but the finest quality khaki that money can buy.

The fatal tendency to endeavour to save a few pounds in the purchase of kit is a most disastrous economy, and has been encouraged by innumerable London and Provincial firms who have no status whatever as military tailors. Second-grade kit is absolutely useless; not only is the appearance as a rule execrable in style, but the materials and workmanship are totally unfitted to stand the excessive wear and tear of active service.

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Slacks	1 10 0	Marching Boots ..	2 2 0
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Sam Browne Belt ..	2 12 6	Whistle and Lanyard	4 6
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[from page vi.]
 e. A perfect washing material, and absolutely in perfect taste. Prices are all right for war-time: twenty-seven inches wide 1s. 2½d., and forty inches wide, 1s. 6½d. a yard. In buying them, be sure that "Grafton Cotton-Voile" is stamped on the selvedge; and, if your local draper has not got them, write to Grafton's, 69, Watling Street, E.C., and a good selection of patterns will be sent.

We Are All Going To the sale which commenced on Monday at Peter Robinson's fine big establishment in Oxford Street. We all know how well this firm buys, and how, throughout the war, they have continued to give us women all those smart, stylish, and dainty things in dress that we love. Now they are giving them to us at unprecedentedly low prices. This is especially welcome to us because we have to economise, albeit we refuse to allow our appearance to degenerate. Washing-skirts, beautifully cut and tailored, cost from 10s. 6d. to 16s. 11d.: we all know how useful these are in summer. Cloth covert and other coats for two guineas are covetable things for wear now, and later; while silk and cloth coats are from 29s. 6d. to two guineas. Girls' dresses at Peter Robinson's sale are wonderful value; there are charming, dainty delaine frocks for 15s. 6d.; travelling coats and skirts, perfectly tailored in Scotch tweed, covert-coating, navy and black, for 94s. 6d.—just what are wanted for moving about. Hats are also a most fascinating feature in the sale; they are so pretty, and beauties cost from 21s. 9d. to 35s. 9d. There is also a wide selection of garden, boating, and tennis hats in the newest shapes at 10s. Altogether, it is a sale to attend—that is why we are all going.



A NEW RAIN-PROOF "COVER-ALL" COAT AT ELVERY'S.

Practical and Quite the Thing. Some people say our climate is preparing the troops in training to face any weather. As we have to take part, perforce, in the preparation, it is good to know where to find coats which defy the rain and are yet quite the thing. A new lady's rain-proof "Cover-all" coat at Elvery's, in Conduit Street, quite near New Bond Street, will be eagerly welcomed. It is cut and made just like a man's, but allowing for the different balance of woman's anatomy. It is of triple rain-proof, porous fabric, and is lined with porous rain-proof material. In every respect practical as a man's coat, it has the requisite width of skirt for a woman. It costs only 45s., or, in a different material, 55s., and it will save its own value in protection and comfort in six weeks. A West of England "Slip On" coat, rain-proof in a less thorough degree than the "Cover-all," is sold for two guineas. A fine macintosh coat, in all respects a man's, but cut for a woman, costs 32s. 6d. Messrs. Elvery make substantial reductions from Monday next, and some delightful wrap-coats are included in those at most moderate prices.

Now that the warm weather is here every lady should give more than common care to her personal appearance. It is so much more necessary to have a pleasant, healthy, natural-looking complexion in summer, when the brilliant sunshine reveals clearly our beauty or our defects, than in the dark days of winter, when we are not so prominent; and Mrs. Adair, the beauty specialist, of 92, New Bond Street, W., does everything that is necessary with the most beneficial results, in a thoroughly convincing manner.

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The "QUEEN" says, in its issue of Nov., 1915:—"As a maternity gown it is positively perfection, a fact which will be readily understood after a personal examination of the ingenious fashioning."

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The Royal Baths, which cost the Corporation no less than £140,000 to erect, are undoubtedly the most palatial in Europe. They are equipped with every modern form of appliance used to alleviate pain and suffering, to restore the joy of life to the worn and weary, to heal the sick, and to give back the lost vigour of their limbs to the halt and the lame.

Upwards of eighty different treatments are administered by specialists; in fact, every well-known Continental method is available. Aix and Vichy douches, Ems inhalation rooms, an extensive Plombière installation for colitis, and Nauheim baths for heart troubles, Schwalbach chalybeate baths, to mention but a few. In addition, of course, are the unexcelled sulphur baths, peat and moor baths, needles and packs of every description, the new Harrogate hot-air treatment, the Harrogate peat massage baths (the only such in the world), the whirlpool baths for stiff joints, etc., as well as every proved form of electrical treatment.

One of the curative methods of particular interest is the Dowsing radiant heat and light treatment. Here the patient is laid on a bed and surrounded by luminous radiant heat, which permeates the body and produces a gentle stimulation, aiding the circulation, relieving congestion, and helping to eliminate matter by sub-oxidation.

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There are three establishments where the famous curative waters for drinking are obtained—namely, the Central Hall of the Royal Baths, the Royal Pump Room, and the Magnesia Well. No less than eighty-seven known springs, differing in strength and quality, exist within the Harrogate district.

Of these waters, sixteen are used for internal administration, the remainder being devoted to bathing purposes. Harrogate may, therefore, justly challenge all Europe for the great number and variety of its mineral waters.

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Long before the breakfast hour a military band plays in the Crescent Gardens, and at other times

during the day in the Valley Gardens. In the afternoon, when the lawn in the last-named resort is dotted with charmingly decked tables for tea, a very pleasing picture is presented.

Near at hand is Harlow Moor, and for those who have never explored the Yorkshire moors there are many delights in store. It is the very fine air from these moors which makes Harrogate unique, for without doubt the air is part and parcel of the cure. So much so that, unlike Continental cure resorts, no "after-cure" is necessary as a corollary to treatment in Harrogate.

Amusements Help the Cure.

The Corporation provides for the amusement of visitors on a lavish scale. The Kursaal is Harrogate's main centre of entertainment. The "alfresco" concerts in the Kursaal gardens are a great attraction, but are, nevertheless, surpassed by the performances of the Kursaal orchestra. The programmes, which are augmented by specially selected artists of world-wide reputation, are worthy of any concert hall in the world. Then there are no less than three first-class golf courses in the immediate neighbourhood, and regular motor char-a-banc excursions into the enchanted land which lies around Harrogate.

A month's stay would not exhaust all the delights which Harrogate offers.

Facility of Access.

Taking London as a centre, Harrogate can be reached in less time than it would have taken under ordinary conditions for the traveller to start from the other side of the Channel on a long train journey to a Continental resort, where possibly, after twelve hours' journey, if not more, he would arrive at his selected "Bad" in a state of more or less semi-collapse.

Now compare that with the journey of the through express trains run by the Great Northern between King's Cross Station and Harrogate. Surrounded with every comfort, in the finest rolling-stock in the world, and without change of carriage, the traveller is able to run down to Harrogate with very little more trouble than it takes the Londoner to go from King's Cross to Piccadilly Circus.

Harrogate's Superb Hotels.

The magnificent hotel accommodation, unequalled in any other Spa in the world, which Harrogate provides for its visitors is proverbial, some details of which are given hereunder.

ADELPHI HOTEL is centrally situated for Harlow Moor, Valley Gardens, Wells and Baths. The terms are moderate, although every convenience and comfort is provided. It has long enjoyed the patronage of visitors requiring quietness and rest.

HOTEL ALEXANDER is a first-class hotel, modernly furnished and comfortable, situated three minutes from Pump Room, Baths, and Kursaal. It stands in one of the most health-giving positions in Harrogate, and commands extensive moorland views.

BEECHWOOD HOTEL.—A spacious and high-class private hotel, commanding its own extensive grounds, and close to all the important points of interest. It is excellently furnished, has well appointed dining, billiard and recreation rooms.

THE CAIRN HYDRO has accommodation for about 300 guests. A new wing, comprising ballroom, lounge, and suite of baths, has recently been added. The Cairn has its own Orchestra, and special attention is given to entertainment of guests. Visitors also have free golf.

THE CROWN HOTEL adjoins Pump Room, Baths, and the Valley Gardens. The tariff is one adapted to present-day conditions. All modern improvements and conveniences are available. The cuisine has a high and well-deserved reputation.

THE GRANBY is an ideal family hotel for rest and quiet. It is situated in its own extensive grounds, with south aspect. The hotel is splendidly appointed and greatly enlarged. Carriages take residents to Wells every morning free of charge.

THE GRAND HOTEL overlooks Valley Gardens, in the most commanding situation, is one minute from Baths and Wells, and has every convenience, comfort, and elegance. Visitors requiring privacy will find the self-contained suites well to their liking.

GEORGE HOTEL has a reputation as a high-class family house. It faces the Baths and the Kursaal, and is close to the Pump Room and the Victoria Baths. Admirably situated for invalids requiring easy walking exercise only to all places of interest in Harrogate.

HARLOW MANOR HYDRO occupies one of the healthiest positions, in close proximity to the moors, with views of unsurpassable grandeur. It is also near to Baths and Wells. The appointments are modern and comfortable. There is a well-equipped garage.

HARROGATE HYDRO is one minute from Baths, Pump Room, and Kursaal. The Hydro has a new dining-room, smoking lounge, winter garden, ball-room, and garage. A resident physician is always in attendance, and hydropathic treatment is administered all through the year.

HOTEL MAJESTIC.—Situated in its own park-like grounds of ten acres, it overlooks the Baths and Pump Room. The appointments include a winter garden, smoking-room, marble lounge, and billiard-room—unquestionably the finest Spa Hotel in the world.

THE PRINCE OF WALES' HOTEL is excellently situated, overlooking the Stray. *Table d'hôte* meals are arranged to include requirements of visitors taking the cure. The terms are moderate in view of the advantages of the style of the hotel.

PROSPECT HOTEL AND RESTAURANT are two minutes from Baths, Pump Room, and Kursaal. Bijou apartment houses adjoin the hotel. Mr. C. Elleboudt, a Belgian, proprietor of the Continental and Palace Hotel, Blankenberghe, now manages.

QUEEN HOTEL, standing in its own grounds of five acres, embodies all modern comforts. The hotel contains over 300 rooms, numerous private suites, excellent stabling, and garage. The dairy produce used in the hotel comes from its own home farm.

SOUTHLANDS PRIVATE HOTEL is a high-class residential hotel, luxuriously furnished, standing in an unrivalled position three minutes from Pump Room, Baths, and Kursaal. There is a recreation-room fitted with stage and other features.

STRAY HOTEL.—This high-class hotel, opened in 1912, is a noteworthy advance in accommodation *de luxe*, at reasonable, inclusive charges. It stands in an acre of well-wooded grounds, and within two minutes' walk of the Royal Baths and Pump Room.

WELLINGTON HOTEL.—An excellent residential hotel, from which the Pump Room, Baths, and Kursaal are only a couple of minutes distant. It has every possible modern convenience, electric light throughout, and lift to all floors. Good plain English "fare" is a feature.

Aquaperia—A Harrogate Commercial Enterprise.

It seems almost unnecessary to point out that the Harrogate Spa Cures are due to treatments given under medical supervision at the Royal Baths with water from medicinal wells owned by the Corporation. But in the immediate neighbourhood of Harrogate there are certain other wells not belonging to the Corporation, which possess properties of great value as aperient and table waters.

One well, owned by the Harrogate branch of Camwal (Ltd.) is of particular interest at the present time, inasmuch as the spring tapped gives forth waters when standardised containing similar properties to the German Apenta and Hungarian Hunyadi Janos. Camwal have called their product Aquaperia. It is an aperient water, and its merits have been vouched for by leading members of the medical faculty. It is stocked by over 5000 chemists in the United Kingdom, and a large export business is being rapidly developed.

On receipt of a postcard, addressed F. J. C. Broome, Town Information Bureau, Royal Baths, Harrogate, the Corporation's latest Illustrated Guide will be sent free to all who are interested to acquire additional information concerning Harrogate.

THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

"RAZZLE-DAZZLE" is a word which I have always understood to mean a kind of noisy debauch; and certainly we had a debauch of noise at Drury Lane. There was an overture during which well-trying, popular rag-time tunes were played with stupendous energy of brass and drum. Indeed, I fancied that the bandsmen would play themselves out quickly, but they never seemed to get exhausted—or was it that there were relays, and so when one died another took his place? I confess there were moments when I envied the dead, and the pathetic phrase of a *croupier* came into my mind, uttered when the people round the green tables were too noisy: "*Un peu de silence, s'il vous plaît.*" If and when I go again, on the hundredth or thousandth performance, I shall take some of those things that they advertise for putting into the ears when the guns are too noisy in the trenches. And the revue is a tremendous success, with its two hundred and fifty performers, its blazing incoherence in gorgeous mounting, and its frantic appeals to patriotism. I confess to a difficulty in keeping back a smile when, in a panorama of the present British fleet, we were shown that the ships move sideways like crabs. I hope this will not be told to the Germans—it may be valuable information as to our manœuvres. To be serious, the new piece out-revues the revues: its humours are elementary, as suits the Lane; and it has delightful moments when Miss Phyllis Bedells dances. I wonder whether Highland flings were ever danced so delightfully as by her in the quite magnificent ballet, "Scotland for Ever," which roused the house to really justifiable enthusiasm. Also there is Miss Shirley Kellogg, who easily dominated the big stage, and, with the assistance of Mr. Shaun Glenville, caused roars of laughter in "A Musical Episode"; and one may mention



AS LADY MARY IN "THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON": MISS LILLAH MCCARTHY.

Miss Lillah McCarthy organised the previous matinee of "The Admirable Crichton," which raised £5000 for the Star and Garter Fund. The King desired that the performance should be repeated—hence the second matinee in aid of the King George's Pension Fund for actors and actresses.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

the comic performances of several people, notably of Mr. Frederick Ross and Miss Edie Veno. In the real ice scene some very graceful skating was given. Altogether a wonderful, stupendous affair, beating in its magnitude everything else of its kind.

In a little game of General Post now on in London, "Peg o' My Heart" and "Ye Gods" played prominent parts last week, for each made a move, and amiably invited the critics to be present at its first performance in a new home; and, of course, all the critics went, and duly recorded the fact in their papers. Like the rest of the craft, I refrain from writing a second criticism—or, in the case of "Peg," a fifth or sixth. Enough to record the fact that the piece by Mr. Hartley Manners has passed its 700th performance, and still presents Miss Moya Mannering and Mr. A. E. Matthews in the principal parts; whilst "Ye Gods" and Mr. Charles Windermere, now at the Strand, seem likely to enjoy great success.

The Coliseum broke out into serious drama with the production of "The Maharani of Arakan," by Sir Rabindranath Tagore, of which poor George Calderon made an excellent version. At present the Indian writer hardly seems to have got hold of the stage, in which respect he resembles some of our most popular poets. There is quite a pretty story, but on the boards it does not really throb with life. Miss Lena Ashwell and Miss Esmé Beringer spoke their lines admirably, yet the pathetically sentimental story seemed to drag a little.

Mr. Anthony Wharton and Mr. Morley Roberts have bravely tackled the old story of the repentant lady with a past in their new work, "The Riddle," at the New Theatre, not forgetting to include the elderly lawyer who cross-examines her to save a young man from her wiles, and ends by being convinced of her sincerity. The past this time is a murder

[Continued overleaf.]

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